Samuelis Primitiæ:

OR,

AN ESSAY

TOWARDS A

METRICAL VERSION

Of the whole BOOK of

Pſalmes.

Compoſed, when attended with the Diſadvantagious circumſtances of Youth, and Sickneſs.

By *Samuel Leigh.*

1 Tim. 4. 12.

Let no Man Deſpiſe thy Youth.

Frueris quidem, etiam dum emendas,
Etiam dum componis, Sen. Epiſ. 4. ad Luc.

Τῆς πολυπραγμοσύνης οὐδὲν κενεώτερον ἄλλο.

London, Printed by *Th. Milbourn* for the Authour, and are to be ſold at the *Golden Lyon* in St. *Pauls-Church-Yard,* 1661.

95-A-36

BIBLIOTHECA
LAMBETHANA

To my most

GRATIOUS SOVERAIGN,

THE

KINGS

MOST

EXCELLENT MAJESTY

Oſanna's only we could once Aſpire;
But now Sing *Hallelujah's* in the Quire.
The KING Return'd, and with him *Halcy'on* dayes,
Turns mournfull Elegies to Pſalmes of Praiſe.

Your Foes a Fall receiv'd, but You a Palme,
In ſuch a Juncture *David* penn'd a Pſalme.
Pen Royal Pſalmes (Dread Sir) to God your King;
You ours, and give Your Subjects leave to Sing.
Wee'l take our Harps, which on the Willowes hang,
Our KING in a ſtrang Land, no Song we Sang.
Pardon (Great Prince) what's rudely hereCompil'd,
'Tis not a Man preſumes thus, but a Child.

S. L.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO MY

Moſt Worthy, and much Honoured Father-in-Law,

CHARLES POTTS, Eſq;

Son to Sir *John Potts*, Knight and Barronet.

Worthy Sir,

CONſulting with my ſelf about this Libellulus, to whom I ſhould Dedicate it, (I concluded) to make Choice of ſuch a Perſon as might be of Spotleſſe Innocency; ſo that in this captious Age, none ſhould dare to charge him with the leaſt Offence, in Word, or Deed: For, juſtly fearing too many Faults might be found in the Work it ſelf, I deſired to make ſome amends, by Dedicating it to one free from Exception, (and the rather to your ſelf, Sir) be-

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cauſe I have received more Encouragement from you alone, than all men living beſides. And were I not confident, that you would ſomewhat bear with my Faults, I durſt not have Entituled you to this my Worthleſſe Labour. I flouriſh, as if I would ſay ſomething, whereas I am indeed meerly Ignorant, and acknowledge all Faults to be my own Weakneſſe, in undertaking ſo high, and pithy a Buſineſſe: Yet would I endeavour to ſhew forth what God, out of his own Free Grace, hath beſtowed upon,

Sir,

Your moſt humble, obedient,
and Thrice Affectionate
Son and Servant,

Samuel Leigh

TO THE CHRISTIAN READER.

Kind Reader,

WHo e're thou art, that views this my poor Eſſayes, deſpiſe them not, becauſe they are onely the Fruits of ſome few houres, wherein I was detain'd from School, (by bodily weakneſs) or for the Child-age of its Authour, the Sun having ſcarce run its Annual Race fifteen times, ſince firſt I view'd it; but accept it in the Spirit that writ it, *viz.* Meekneſs, and Sinceritie: I wiſh the reading of it

to thoſe of mine own age, not as a Pattern, but in hopes they will paſſe by my Weakneſſe, and Remember *Pſalm* 8. 2. *Out of the Mouths of Babes, and Sucklings, the Lord ordaineth Strength*; To whoſe protection he commits thee,

Who is thine in all well wiſhes

Samuell Leigh.

I

I Have Peruſed this rendring of the Pſalmes in verſe, and find it well done, (ſo far as my leiſure would give me leave to Read) and therefore cannot but approve it, who ever had been the Authour; but when I conſider who is the Authour, I cannot but admire it; that a Gentleman ſo yonng, and who hath not yet paſſed the trivial School, ſhould take off his minde from childiſh vanities, and ingage in a work ſo grave, and ſerious, and perform it with ſuch ſharpneſs, is to me a wonder, and an hopeful preſage, that in Riper years, nothing, but what is Excellent, is to be expected from him.

This I teſtify by the Subſcription of my Name.

Thomas Manton, D.D.

BEing deſired to View this Eſſay, the Verſion of the Pſalmes in Meeter, I have (as my Occaſions would Permit,) taken notice of ſome of them, and cannot but highly commend the Ingenuity, and diligence of the young Gentleman, in this his undertaking, wherein appeareth ſuch Divine Breathings, as are not ordinary in one of ſuch tender years, and ſeem to be the firſt fruits of ſome further and larger Atcheivements, wherein I ſhould much rejoyce, if he may be Encouraged

By the Subſcription of

Gabriel Sangar.

Theſe

These to the

RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,

and truly Vertuous

LADY,

THE LADY

ANNE POTTS.

Madam,

I Have, according to your Order, Perus'd at length Mr. *Samuell* (your hopeful Son's) *Metrical Paraphraſe of the whole Book of Pſalmes*; which hath ſtruck me into a twofold Admiration; one, of the Subject he chos'd to Treat of; that leaving all Youthful and low Arguments, (ſuting moſt (as may

may be conceiv'd) with his preſent yeers) Eagle like, he ſoar'd aloft, and pitched upon a Theme ſublime and altogether Divine, diſcovering hereby a Spirit Angelicall, rather then Humane: The other is, his Ingenious, and alſo Ingenuous Expreſſions, void of affectation in a matter ſo profound and deep. *Madam*, theſe firſt Fruits, in years ſo tender, beſpeak a plentiful Harveſt of higher things for the future, than he can undertake to name, Who is

Madam,

Your Humbly Devoted Servant,

Jo. Turing.

King ſtreet in *Covent Garden*, September *the* 3d. 1660.

TO THE
Ingenuous Young Gentleman, the
AUTHOUR
OF THIS
METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

THe Hebrew Child (God's and the Virgin's Son)
Entred the Liſts, when twice ſix Years had Run;
Gravel'd the Rabbies, 'maz'd the ſtanders by,
And ſo Revealed his Veil'd Divinity.
Ev'n ſo, when Tender Years, and Youthful Braines,
Declining lighter Sports, engage their paines
To follow thoughtful Fancy, and to ſeaſe on
The Sacred Matters of Profounder Reaſon:
Judgement, with due proport'on, will incline,
To ſay they'r Acted by a Sp'rit Divine.
Greenneſs of Youth, matters Sublimitie,
(Both thine) compar'd, wee'l ſay no leſs of Thee.
Goe on, Brave Soul, Maugre Contempt, and Suit
Thy Vernal Bloſſoms with Autumnal Fruit.

G. H. M. A.

PSAL. I.

1 THe man is bleſt, that doth not walk, nor ſit,
Nor ſtand in Sinners Way, nor God forget:
2 But in the Law of God doth much delight,
And meditates therein, both Day and Night.
3 He ſhall be like a Tree by th' River ſide,
Which brings forth Fruit in her due Time, and Tide:
Whoſe leaf ſhall never fade, nor fall; but ſtill,
What ere he takes in hand, ſhall proſper well.
4 But with ungodly men, 'tis nothing ſo,
Like as the duſt, ſo ſhall the wind them blow.
5 The wicked ſhall not then, in judgement reſt,
Neither ſhall Sinners, but the Saints be bleſt:
6 For why? the wayes of Saints, the Lord doth know;
But He the wicked quite ſhall overthrow.

PSAL. II.

1 WHy do the Heathen rage? what's in their brain,
To make ſuch tumult, ſince 'tis all in vain?
2 The Kings, and Rulers of the earth conſpire
Againſt the Lord, whom we ought to admire:
3 They ſay, let all their Laws, by us, be broke,
And of their doctrine, lets reject the yoak.
4 But he that in the heaven ſits, doth ſmile
At their own madneſs, who themſelves beguile.
Then will the Lord the wicked turn away,
And in his fury, trouble them, and ſay;
Yet have I ſet my King on *Sion*, he
My will declares, and alſo, my decree:
For in this wiſe, the Lord to me did ſay,
Thou art my Son, whom I begot this day:
The heathen I'le thee give at thy requeſt,
So ſhall all Nations be, by thee poſſeſt:
Then ſhalt thou break them with an Iron rod,
And as a Potters ſherd, they ſhall be trod.
10 Be wiſe therefore I ſay, O Kings, and hear;
11 Serve ye the Lord, with trembling, and with fear.

12 See that ye kiſs, and eke embrace his Son,
Leſt in mid-way, ye periſh e'r't be done,
When that his wrath is kindled ne're ſo ſmall,
Bleſſed are they, make him their all, in all.

PSAL. III.

1 HOw are my foes increaſt, that vex me ſore!
2 O Lord they ſay, thou can'ſt not me reſtore;
3 But thou O Lord, ſhalt be to me inſtead,
Of Shield and Glory, thou lifts up my head.
4 I cry'd to God from *Sion*, he did hear,
5 I lay, and ſlept ſecured in his fear.
6 Ten thouſand folkes ſhalt not make me afraid,
The Lord, he is my God, and eke, mine aid;
7 Save me therefore, O Lord, to thee I ſeek,
And ſmite mine Enemies upon the cheek;
8 Salvation doth belong to God, above,
Who doth beſtow, upon his Saints, his love.

PSAL. IV.

1 O Lord, my God, give ear unto my call,
Who didſt me free, when I was worſt of all;
Have mercy on me Lord, grant my requeſt,
For unto thee, to cry, I will not reſt:
2 O mortal men, how long will ye deſpiſe,
My Glory, me, and follow after lies?
3 Know ye that godly men, the Lord doth chuſe,
If I complain, he will me not refuſe.
4 Sin not therefore, examine well your heart,
And try if you, can you, your ſelves, convert:
5 Offer to God, the Sacrifice, therefore
Of righteouſneſs, and truſt him evermore:
6 The proudeſt men do worldly things embrace,
But Lord grant us thy favour and thy grace;
7 For thou thereby, ſhall make my heart the more
Rejoyce, then thoſe that get their corn in ſtore;
8 I therefore will lye down, and ſleep in peace,
For thou to do me good, wilt never ceaſe.

PSAL.

PSAL. V.

1 GIve ear unto my words, O Lord, and hear
2 My cry, O Lord my God, and eke my prayer.
3 Hear me betimes O Lord, and not ſtay,
For to thee only, will I dayly pray.
4 Through patience I will truſt in God alone,
For wickedneſſe with him there dwelleth none.
5 The fooliſh ſhall not ſtand in the Lords ſight,
Neither ſhall thoſe that do not walk upright.
6 Thou ſhalt deſtroy thoſe that do lying uſe;
The bloody man thou alſo wilt refuſe.
7 Therefore I'le come, truſting upon thy grace,
Unto thy houſe and to thy holy place.
8 Lord lead me in thy righteouſneſs, my foes,
For to deſtroy, and eke thy face diſcloſe:
9 For in their mouths, there is no truth, their throat's
An open Sepulchre, their tongues are floates.
10 Deſtroy their falſe conſpiracies to nought,
And them which alſo have rebellion wrought.
11 But thoſe that put their truſt in thee alwayes,
Rejoyce for their defence, and give thee praiſe.
12 For thou wilt, e're the Saints encreaſe, and ſtill
Like as a Shield protect them from all ill.

PSAL. VI.

1 LOrd in thy wrath, rebuke me not, for I,
Can never proſper in ſuch miſery.
2 For I am weak O Lord, therefore forbear
To ſlay me, for my bones are vext with fear.
3 My Soul, O Lord, is alſo vex't full ſore,
But Lord how long, e're thou wilt me reſtore?
4 Return unto my ſoul O Lord, and take
It up, unto thy ſelf, for thy Name ſake.
5 For no dead men remembrance on thee have,
Neither have thoſe that goe into the grave.
6 So grievous is my moane, ſuch are my feares,
That all the Night, I fill my bed with tears.

7 Mine eyes with griefe do now begin to fade,
Against mine enemies Lord, be thou mine aid.
8 Ye workers of iniquity depart,
The Lord hath heard the voyce of my sad heart.
9 He also heard my prayer, and my request,
And did more for me, then can be expreſt.
10 And thoſe my foes, that vexed me before,
Lord put them now to ſhame, and vex them ſore.

PSAL. VII.

1 O Lord my God, I put my truſt in thee,
Save me from foes, and eke deliver me.
2 Leſt like a Lyon they my ſoul, do tear,
Which makes me daily full of dread and fear.
3 O God, if I have done what is not right,
Or that I be found guilty in thy ſight:
4 Or if my quiet neighbour did moleſt,
Or did not ſave my foe with bondage preſt.
5 Then let my foes purſue my ſoul, and thruſt
My life to earth, mine honour to the duſt.
6 Riſe up therefore, and put my foes to pain,
And then give eaſe to me, which wrong ſuſtain.
7 Then ſhall great Nations know that by this thing,
Thou art their onely God, and eke their King.
8 And as thou judgeſt all, ſo Lord judge me,
According to mine own integritie.
9 Lord ceaſe from wicked men, be thou the guide
Of Saints; for by thee, their own hearts are try'd.
10 From God comes my defence, who ſaves th' upright
11 Both Saints and Sinners, daily feel his might.
12 Except he change his mind, he will make fit
His Sword: he bends his bow, looks where to hit.
13 He hath prepar'd his Darts, they will not ſtay;
But thoſe which are his Enemies they'l ſlay.
14 Lo, though they for their evill deeds contend
In travell, they will quickly come to end.
15 They dig a pit, thinking therein to ſet
Their brother, but are caught in their own Net.

16 Whic

16 Which wrong return'd to him, in whom it bred;
And what miſchiefe he wrought fell on his head.
17 I will therefore give thanks to God, on high,
And ſing to him that judgeth righteouſly.

PSAL. VIII.

1 O Lord how wonderfull thy works appear,
The fame thereof, ſurmounts the heavens clear.
2 Out of the mouth of babes, ſtrength thou haſt made,
That they might make thine Enemies afraid.
3 And when the heavens, and thy works I ſee,
The Sun and Moon, and all in their degree:
4 Lord, what is man, I think, that thou doſt eye
Both him, and his wretched poſterity:
5 For thou haſt made him alſo in degree,
Moſt like to Angells in their dignitie.
6 Thou haſt preferr'd him to be Lord of all
Thy workes, and that they ſhould unto him fall.
7 As Sheep, Oxen, all beaſts in field that feed;
8 Birds in the air, and Fiſh in Sea that breed:
9 Therefore will I ſay once again, what fame
Is to be given to thy glorious Name!

PSAL. IX.

1 MY heart O Lord, ſhall praiſe thy Holy Name,
And ſhall ſhew forth thy works of wondrous fame.
2 I will be glad, and eke in thee rejoyce:
I will ſing praiſe to thee, Lord heare my voyce.
3 When thou ſhalt make my foes to flee from hence;
They ſhall all periſh by omnipotence.
4 Thou haſt maintain'd my cauſe all with thy might,
Thou ſat'ſt in throne to judge for me moſt right.
5 Thou didſt confound the heathen people ſo,
That the remembrance of them none ſhall know.
6 Thou haſt made quick diſpatch with all my foes;
Thou'ſt burnt their town, and caus'd their fame to cloſe.
7 But God for ever is, and he will be
In ſeat of Judgement, and true equitie.

8 With Juſtice he will keep, and guide all thoſe
That are unto his people friends, not foes.
9 He alſo will to thoſe that are oppreſt,
In time of need be their defence and reſt.
10 And they that know thy Name ſhall truſt in thee,
For their own ſafety and deliverie.
11 Sing Pſalms to God, that doth in *Sion* dwell,
And of his noble Acts all Nations tell:
12 For he is mindfull of the blood of ſuch
As be oppreſt, remembring th' humble much.
13 Have mercy on me Lord, my foes me hate,
'Tis thee alone can keep me from deaths Gate.
14 I will in *Sion* then ſhew forth thy praiſe,
And much rejoyce in thee alone alwayes.
15 The Heathen are ſunck down into the pit,
Which they for others ever did make fit.
16 The Lord is known by his moſt juſt commands,
But wicked men are ſnar'd by their own hands.
17 The wicked ſhall be turned into Hell,
But pious men with God ſhall ever dwell.
18 Neither will God the needy man forget,
But in far better ſtate he will him ſet.
19 Ariſe O Lord, leſt worldlings with their might
Prevaile, therefore Lord judge them in thy ſight.
20 Put them in fear O Lord of thee, and then
They may well know they are not Gods, but men.

PSAL. X.

1 WHy keepeſt thou ſo far from us? or why
hides thou thy face in our extremity?
2 The wicked's pride doth perſecute the poor,
But Lord do thou deſtroy the evill doer.
3 For in the luſt of his own heart he doth
Delight, he hates the poor, he loveth ſloth.
4 The wicked through his pride doth wrong his ſoul,
In thinking thou his deeds would not controul.
5 Becauſe he proſpers, he ſtill follows lies,
Neglects thy Laws, puffs at his Enemies.

6 He ſaith in his heart I never then ſhall be
Changed, nor come into adverſitie.
7 But in his mouth deceit and fraud doth dwell,
Under his tongue breeds vanity and Hell.
8 He lies in holes, the innocent to ſlay,
And ſuch as come thereby he makes away.
9 He like a Lion lurking in his Den,
To ſee if he can ſnare poor ſimple men.
10 He croucheth down moſt craftily alway,
To make poor needy harmleſſe ones his prey.
11 Thus ſaith he in his heart, God doth forget:
He doth not mind whom I catch in my Net.
12 Riſe up O Lord therefore, and do not reſt,
From looking to the humble and th' oppreſt.
13 Why let'ſt thou wicked men thy Laws deſpiſe;
They ſcoff at thee, and evill do deviſe.
14 Thou ſee-eſt their deceit, thou underſtands:
The fatherleſſe are left unto their hands.
15 Lord breake the armes of wicked men, that ſo,
Both they, and *their* heirs, into the pit may go.
16 The Lord is King, and by his powerfull hand,
He ſhall deſtroy, the Heathen from his Land.
17 Lord thou haſt heard the humble mans requeſt;
And what is fitteſt for him thou knowes beſt.
18 Lord judge the poor, and help them to their right,
Which was took from them by the worldlings might.

PSAL. XI.

1 I Put my truſt in God, what is your will?
To fly; flee as a Bird unto your Hill.
2 For lo, the wicked bend their bow, their art,
Is primely t' inſnare th' upright in heart:
3 The worlds foundations ſhall all come to nought:
But righteous men have never evill wrought
4 And God, which is moſt holy, and and moſt high,
Doth look at all men in his Majeſty.
5 He doth in godly men take much delight:
But puniſh ſuch as doth his word deſpite.

6 Upon the wicked he will brimſtone rain:
They ſhall all periſh, there ſhall none remain.
7 So that ye ſee, his juſtice doth delight
In holyneſſe, h' embraceth the upright.

PSAL. XII.

1 HElp Lord, for godly men do now decay:
Both truth and faith, from ſinners paſſe away.
2 Their words are vanity, or like a bubble:
Their lips do flatter, and their hearts are double.
3 The Lord will cut off ſuch as not refuſe
Their flatterings, but ſtill do lying uſe.
4 For they have ſaid, our lips they are our own:
We will prevail, over us there is none.
5 But for the needy's ſake, God will ariſe,
And ſave the poor from all his Enemies.
6 Gods words are pure, as Silver they are try'd;
They are like Gold ſeven times purify'd.
7 And ſince thy promiſe is to help, Lord then
Do thou us help, from this ill kind of men:
8 Lord, if thou leave ſinners on every ſide,
Their wickedneſſe will ſpread the world ſo wide.

PSAL. XIII.

1 HOw long wilt thou forget me Lord? or why
Hides thou thy ſelf in my neceſſity?
2 In heart how long ſhall I tormented be?
And how long ſhall my foes triumph o're me?
3 O Lord my God, conſider me oppreſt;
Leſt with mine eyes, of death I be poſſeſt.
4 Leſt that mine enemies of me ſhould ſay,
We have prevailed, and made him our prey.
5 But from thee, and thy mercies, I have made
My heart full merry, and my ſoul full glad.
6 I will ſing praiſes to the Lord, for he
Hath alwayes bountifully dealt with me.

PSAL.

PSAL. VX.

1 THE Fool ſaith in his heart, there is no God;
But Lord do thou correct him with thy Rod.
2 The Lord from heaven look't upon mankind,
To ſee who lov'd him, but he none could find.
3 They are all gone aſide, they are become
Like duſt upon the earth, or filthy ſcum.
4 What, are none good? do all work miſchief ſtill?
Eating thy people, rejecting thy will.
5 Whil'ſt they thus rage, they ſhall have dread, for why?
God to the righteous race is very nigh.
6 Ye ſtrive to ſhame the poor, becauſe they call
Upon the Lord, and make him all in all.
7 But who ſhall hear thy people, unleſſe thou
Perform thy promiſe to *Iſra-el* now?
8 When thou brings back thoſe that were captive led,
Then *Jacob* ſhall rejoyce, *Iſrael* be glad.

PSAL. XV.

1 LORD who ſhall in thy Tabernacle dwell?
Or who ſhall live in thy moſt holy Hill?
2 The man that walks uprightly, and whoſe facts
Declare him to be juſt in all his acts.
3 He that backbiteth not, nor worketh ill
Unto's neighbour, nor of him lies doth tell.
4 That hates the vile, and honoureth the juſt,
His promiſe is moſt true, perform't he muſt:
5 Who puts not coyn to uſe, nor ever took
Reward 'gainſt Saints, he never ſhall be ſhook.

PSAL. XVI.

1 IN thee I put my truſt, deliver me;
2 Thou art my God, my goodneſs can't reach thee.
3 But to the Saints that on the earth do live,
And to the faithfull I my goods do give:
4 Their griefes ſhall many be, who make not God
Their Lord, they ſhall be ſcourg'd with iron rod.

5 God

5 God is the port'on of mine inheritance,
If I him ſeek, he will me highl' advance.
6 The place my lot fell in, it did excell:
Mine heritage did pleaſe me very well.
7 I thank the Lord that caus'd me underſtand,
That rules me by his power, and his command.
8 The Lord's my God, him I will ne'er forſake:
He's at my right hand, I ſhall never ſhake.
9 My heart therefore is glad, and doth rejoyce;
My fleſh doth alſo love to hear thy voyce.
10 For thou Lord wilt not leave my Soul in Hell,
Nor ſhall I alwayes in corruption dwell.
11 Shew me the paths of life, in thee are ſtore
Of joyes, and plea-ſures, and for-e-ver-more.

PSAL. XVII.

1 GIve eare to me O Lord, hear me that pray,
From whoſe lips lies ſhall never make their way.
2 My ſentence Lord it doth proceed from thee,
Do thou therefore ſee my ſimplicitie.
3 Thou haſt oft try'd me, but could never ſee
My tongue, and eke my mind to diſagree.
4 From ſinners works thou haſt preſerv'd me, yet
5 T'uphold me in thy paths, do not forget.
6 I've call'd on thee, for thou Lord wilt me hear;
And eke my voyce, incline to me thine ear.
7 O God, to ſuch as put their truſt in thee,
Shew forth thy ſtrength againſt their Enemie.
8 Lord keep me as thine eye, from all their ſtings;
Hide me under the ſhaddow of thy wings
9 From wicked men that me oppreſſe, and thoſe
That be mine Enemies, and eke thy Foes.
10 Th' are full of fat, pride and deceit, for they
11 Strive to enſnare me in their traps alway;
12 Like as a Lyon greedy of its prey.
And as her Whelpes lye lurking, ſo do they.
13 Up Lord therefore, preſerve me from my foes,
And ſmite thou them that do thy word oppoſe.

14 Deliver

14 Deliver me Lord, by thy power, and then
I need not fear my foes, nor wicked men.
15 As for me, I'le behold thy glorious face,
And will be satisfied with thy Grace.

PSAL. XVIII.

1 I Love thee Lord, my Strength, for he is Juſt;
2 He is my all, in him is all my truſt.
3 On God, who is moſt worthy, I will call;
He will me keep, from ſuch as would my fall.
4 Death's ſorrowes commpaſs me, Lord be my aid;
And floods of wicked men make me afraid.
5 The Subtil Snares of Hell, round me were ſet,
And for my Death, there lay a deadly Net.
6 In my diſtreſs, I call'd the Lord, he hears
My voice, my cry enters into his ears.
7 Then was his power ſuch, the earth did quake,
And the Foundations of the Hills did ſhake.
8 Smoke from his Noſtrills came; from his mouth fire;
For to conſume his foes, all in his ire.
9 The Lord came alſo from above, and he,
Did darkneſs cauſe, under his feet to be.
10 On Cherubs, and on Cherubins he rode,
Swiftly his windy wings he ſpread abroad.
11 Then like a Cave, dark was his ſecret place,
And his Pavilion, where he hid his face.
12 If you but ſee his brightneſs, you'l admire,
Inſtead of clouds, comes hail and coales of fire.
13 He ſets his Thunder down, both here and there,
Which brings upon his foes much dread and fear.
14 And at his threatnings, and his chiding chear,
15 The ſprings, and the foun-da-ti-ons appear.
16 He from above ſent down, that I might be
With him: from Sea he alſo plucked me.
17 He kept me from my foes, which were moſt ſtrong:
Alſo from thoſe that would have done me wrong.
18 They did prevent me, but God was my ſtay:
19 He took delight in me, and in my way.

20 As I was juſt, ſo he did me regard ;
My hands were clean, and he did me reward.
21 For I did keep his wayes, he knowes my heart,
I ne're from him did wickedly depart.
22 I never put his Statutes far from me,
23 But walk't upright from all iniquity.
24 Therefore the Lord hath recompens'd me right,
According to my cleanneſs in his ſight.
25 Thou mercy to the merciſull wilt ſhew,
And eke the juſt, thy juſtice they ſhall know.
26 Unto the pure thou wilt be purity,
But with the froward thou'lt deal frowardly.
27 Thou'lt ſave the afflicted man, but thou'lt bring down
High looks, thou alſo wilt upon them frown.
28 Thou'lt make my candle ſhew moſt clear and bright,
And bring me out of darkneſſe into light.
29 For by thy help, I Troops diſcomfit ſhall,
And in thy ſtrength I have leapt o're a wall.
30 Gods wayes are perfect, and his word moſt juſt,
He buckler is to thoſe that in him truſt.
31 For who is God? except the Lord, there's none ;
So om-ni-po-tent as himſelf alone.
32 'Tis God that girdeth me with his own ſtrength,
And leaves me not till I be whole at length.
33 He made my feet as ſwift as Hindes in pace,
And for my ſafety ſet me in good place.
34 He did in order, make my hands to fight,
To break ſteel bows, he gave my armes the might.
35 Thou teacheſt me ; thy right hand is my Tower :
And love of thee, doth ſtill encreaſe my power.
36 Thou'ſt made my feet moſt ſtedfaſt to remain :
37 I've overtook my foes, and them I've ſlain.
38 I ſo ſuppreſs my foes, they riſe no more,
But at my feet they fall, I wound them ſore.
39 For thou in Battel Lord haſt girded me
With ſtrength, thou doeſt ſubdue thine enemie.
40 Thou haſt alſo given me the neck of thoſe
Which riſe againſt me, and which were my foes.

41 They

41 They cri'd; but there was none that would them ſave;
Even to God, but he no anſwer gave.
42 I beat them ſmall as duſt before the wind,
And caſt them out for ever, from my mind.
43 Thou keep'ſt me from ſuch as with ſtriſe are led,
And over heathen mak'ſt me to be head.
44 So ſoon as they me hear, they ſhall obey;
And ſtrangers ſhall ſubmit unto my way.
45 Strangers ſhall fade away, and be afraid,
46 But God doth live, and bleſſed be mine aid.
47 For him it is, that gave me power to be
Revenged of my foe, and enemie.
48 That kept me from all warlike men, and thoſe
That would have hurt me, and againſt me roſe.
49 Therefore I thank thee, who are ſtill the ſame,
Amongſt the Heathen will *I* praiſe thy Name.
50 Thou gav'ſt unto thy King, of mercies ſtore,
To *David* and his ſeed for ever-more.

PSAL. XIX.

1 THe Skies declare Gods Glory, and Commands;
The Firmament ſhew forth th' works of his hands.
2 Gods wondrous works both day and night appear;
3 Their language ſpeaks to all that will them hear.
4 The fame of them through all the world is run,
In them the Lord did alſo place the Sun.
5 Who as a Bride-groom doth from's chamber riſe;
As he that runs a race to get a prize.
6 In going forth, he rounds the world about,
Nought from his heat can hide, he'l find it out.
7 The Law of God is perfect, and moſt ſure,
It maketh wiſe the ſimple and obſcure.
8 Gods ſtatutes make Mens hearts rejoyce, for why?
Their juſt, and pure, enligh-te-ning the eye.
9 The fear of God for ever doth endure,
His Judgements are moſt true, moſt juſt, moſt pure.

10 They are beyond the reach of any Mony,
More ſweet then hony combs, or then the hony.
11 By them I know, tis thee I muſt regard:
In keeping them, I ſhall have great reward.
12 What man is there that can his errors ſpy?
Then cleanſe me Lord from mine iniquity.
13 And let me over ſin get Victorie,
That I from all offences may be free.
14 Lord take my words and heart into thy ſight;
Thou art my ſtrength, do thou judge me aright.

PSAL. XX.

1 IN all adverſitie God hear thee ſtill,
And *Jacobs* God defend thee from all ill;
2 And ſend thee help from his high Sanctuarie:
3 And out of *Sion*, likewiſe ſtrengthen thee:
4 Remembring thy offerings and ſacrifice:
5 Granting thy will, fulfilling thy device.
6 We will rejoyce in thee alone, and on
Thy Name we truſt, grant our Petition.
7 The Lord will his Anointed only ſave,
And be his help, if help of him he crave.
8 In Charrets, and in Horſes, ſome do truſt,
But wee'l call on our God, who is moſt Juſt.
9 So we do riſe, but they for ever fall:
Save Lord, and let the King hear us that call.

PSAL. XXI.

1 HOw joyful is the King; for in thy breſt
He ſafely lies, and therein takes his reſt:
2 For thou haſt given him his hearts deſire,
And ne're withheld what he did once require.
3 And thou prevented'ſt him with manifold
Bleſſings, and ſet on's head a Crown of Gold.
4 He ask't thee life, him thou it never gainſaid,
5 But Majeſty and Honour on him laid.

6 For

6 For ever thou haſt made me bleſt to be:
I'm glad, when I thy countenance can ſee.
7 The King doth truſt in God, him he doth love;
God is his ſtay, he therefore ne'r ſhall move.
8 Thou ſhalt ſtay them, that do thee once withſtand,
And let them feel thy mighty power and hand.
9 As in an Oven, ſo burn them with Flame;
And in thy anger, put them all to ſhame.
10 Their fruit ſhall be deſtroyed, and ev'n then,
Their ſeed may go from iuſt and godly men.
11 For they of miſcheif muſe againſt thy Name,
But have no power to execute the ſame.
12 Then as a mark, ſet them in open place,
And with thine arrowes keen, hit them on face.
13 Exalt thy ſelf, in ſtrength, Lord, every hour,
And we will praiſes ſing unto thy power.

PSAL. XXII.

1 My God, why doſt thou me forſake? or why
Helps thou me not in my extremity?
2 To thee O God, all day I cry and call;
And eke all night, yet hear'ſt thou not at all.
3 Thou art the joy of *Iſ-ra-el* for ever:
4 Our Parents truſt thee, thou didſt them deliver.
5 They were delivered when to thee they cri'd;
They truſted in thee, and were not denyed.
6 But now I am a worm, no man become,
Reproach to people, and their outcaſt ſcum.
7 All men that ere do meet me on my way,
Do grin and laugh at me. And thus they ſay:
8 This man did truſt in God, but now wee'l ſee,
Whether he can from us, deliver thee.
9 God brought me from my mothers womb to reſt,
And kept me whil'ſt that I did ſuck her breſt.
10 No ſooner born, but I was caſt on thee,
My God, thou prov'd a loving Lord to me.

11 Depart not from me in my preſent grief,
For in thy abſence none can give releif.
12 There's many Buls which compaſſed me round;
Strong Bulls, whoſe food hath been on *Baſhan* ground.
13 They gape at me, as if they would me Slay,
Much like a Lyon Roaring for his Prey.
14 I am like water ſhed, my bones do beat,
And I like wax do melt 'gainſt any heat.
15 My ſtrength like to a potters ſherd doth dry,
My tongue cleaves to my jawes, in duſt *I* die.
16 Sinners, and Dogs, beſet me in the ſtreet,
They with curſt hatred pierce my hands and fee
17 *I*, like Anatomie, on me they ſtare,
When grief my fleſh conſum'd, and bones lay bare.
18 My garments eke amongſt them they divide,
My ſeamleſs coat who ſhall have, lots decide.
19 Be not far from me therefore, but make ſpeed,
Thou art my ſtrength, Lord help me in my need.
20 And from the Sword Lord, by thy mighty power,
Save me from dogs that would my ſoul devour.
21 From Lyons eke do thou deliver me,
From horns of Unicornes, Lord let me free.
22 Unto my Brethren *I*'le declare thy Name,
And in thy Temple, *I*'le ſhew forth thy Fame.
23 All that do fear the Lord, praiſe ye his Name;
Jacob and *Iſraels* ſeed do ye the ſame.
24 He hateth not the poor, nor turns awry
His Countenance, but hearkeneth to their cry.
25 *I*n mid'ſt of Saints, *I* will ſet forth thy praiſe,
And vows perform to thee behight alwayes.
26 With plenty he ſhall ſatisfie the meek,
Their hearts ſhall live for ever, that him ſeek.
27 All coaſts of th'earth ſhal turn to thee for grace;
The heathens worſhip ſhall thy glorious face.
28 The heathens kingdom God ſhall have therefore,
And be their Governour for ever-more.
29 Thoſe that be fat on earth, ſhall bow to thee;
To duſt they go, from death none can be free.

30 A seed shall serve the Lord, so shall it be
Counted his own to all posteritie.
31 His righteousnes declares both all, and some
Unto a people that is yet to come.

PSAL. XXIII.

1 GOd is my Shepheard, I shall never need;
2 I drink sweet waters, in good ground *I* feed.
3 When I'm nigh lost, then home he doth me take,
And lead me in his paths for his own sake.
4 Though I were at deaths door, I'le fear none ill,
For with thy staff thou comfortest me still.
5 Thou spread'st my head in presence of my foes,
Thou noint'st my table with oile, my cup or'e flowes.
6 While breath doth last, thy grace shall me defend,
And in thy house my life *I*'le ever spend.

PSAL. XXIV.

1 THe earth's the Lords, all store therein is his,
And eke the world, with those that therein is.
2 For he hath founded it, it safely stands
On liquid waters. as if 'twere on Lands.
3 Gods Holy Hill into, who shall ascend
A sure inhabitant unto the end?
4 Whose heart, hands, life, are spotless and upright,
'Tis such alone that are the Lords delight.
5 Such shall a blessing from the Lord obtain,
His righteousnes with them shall ere remain.
6 This is the brood of them that seek thy face,
As *Jacob* did the *Israelite* in's race.
7 Open ye Gates, ye everlasting Gate,
The King let enter in his glorious State.
8 Who is this King? The strong and mighty God,
The mighty Lord in battle with his Rod.
9 Open your Gate, and everlasting Dore,
And let him in, who entered before.
10 Who is this King? The Lord of hosts it is;
The Kingdom, and its Royalties are his.

PSAL XXV.

1 TO thee I lift my ſoul, in thee I truſt,
2 Save me from ſhame or triumph of th' unjuſt.
3 Let none that on thee wait, aſhamed be;
Let them be ſham'd which work iniquitie.
4 Shew me thy ways, teach me thy paths in truth;
5 Thou God of my Salvation from my youth.
6 With tender mercies Lord do me behold,
And loving kindneſſe which hath been of old.
7 Remember not th' ſins of my youth, but take
Compaſſion on me for thy goodneſs ſake.
8 God is upright, he'l ſinners teach the way;
9 The meek he'l guide, if they upon him ſtay.
10 For mercy eke, and truth are all thy wayes,
To ſuch as keep thy Cov'nant all their days.
11 My ſins are great, O Lord, ſet thou me free;
12 I fear, and truſt, thy way to chuſe teach me.
13 His ſoul at eaſe ſhall dwell, his ſeed poſſeſs
14 The earth, who fears the Lord, reaps his goodneſs.
15 Mine eyes for ever towards God are ſet,
'Tis he ſhall pluck my feet out of the Net.
16 Turn to me now, O Lord, and mercy ſhew,
As to th' afflicted thou wer't wont to do.
17 The troubles of my heart enlarged be,
Bring me forth of diſtreſſe and miſerie.
18 M' affliction look on, and forgive my ſin,
19 For foes to hate me without cauſe begin.
20 Keep thou my Soul, O Lord deliver me,
Nor let me be aſham'd, I truſt in thee.
21 Let juſt uprightneſs Lord preſerve mee ever;
22 I wait on thee, thy *Iſ-ra-el* deliver.

PSAL. XXVI.

1 JUdge me O Lord, for I have walk'd moſt juſt,
Therefore I ſhall ne'er ſlide, in thee I truſt.
2 Examine me, my heart, and eke reins try,
3 I've walk'd in truth, thou wer't before mine eye.

4 I never haunt vain men, nor will I goe
With the diſſembler, he's my deadly foe:
5 The companies of wicked men I hate;
Nor ſit with them, nor take them for my mate.
6 But will in innocency waſh my hands,
And ſo embrace thine Alter, and Commands.
7 That I may publiſh with the voyce of laud,
And tell of all thy wondrous works abroad.
8 Thine habitation Lord, how have I lov'd,
The place wherein thine honour dwell'th unmov'd.
9 Reckon me not with ſinners, men of blood,
10 Whoſe hands ſnatch bribes, fill'd full of all but good.
11 But I will walk in mine integritie;
Redeem, O Lord, and mercy ſhew to me.
12 In Congregations I will praiſe thy grace,
So ſhall my foot ſtand ſtedfaſt in its place,

PSAL. XXVII.

1 THe Lord, he is my light, my health, my aid;
Whom ſhal I fear? of whom ſhall I be'fraid?
2 When that my foes 'gainſt me began to brawl,
As if they would me eat, themſelves did fall.
3 From whence this confidence to me doth riſe,
No war, nor hoſts of men can me ſurpriſe.
4 One thing I do, O Lord, of thee deſire,
Thy houſe to dwell in, and thy tents admire.
5 In time of dread, Lord thou wilt me ſecure,
In ſecret place upon a Rock moſt ſure.
6 And now my head's advanc't above my foes,
I'le ſound thy Praiſes, and thy Acts diſcloſe.
7 Hear Lord, when with my voyce to thee I cry,
Have mercy on me, anſwer ſpeedily.
8 When thy command to me, was, Seek my face,
My heart reply'd, Lord I will it embrace.
9 As if diſpleas'd, hide not thy face from me,
Thou waſt my help, thou wilt my helper be.
10 When parents me forſake, thou takeſt care;
11 My paths make plain, leſt enemies m' inſnare.

12 Preſerve me from the fury of my foes,
who ſtill with cruell ſlanders me oppoſe.
13 Fainted I had, unleſs believ'd to ſee,
In Land of th'living, Gods goodneſs to me.
14 Wait on the Lord, take courage and he'l be,
Strength to thy heart, therefore on God wait ye.

PSAL. XXVIII.

1 O Lord my Rock, to thee I cry, be not
Thou ſilent, leſt if pit I be forgot.
2 But hear my voyce, when unto thee I crie,
With hands lift to thine Oracle on hie.
3 Draw thou me not, with wicked and pervert,
Who ſpeak fair to their friends, but fraud in heart.
4 According to their deeds do them regard,
And as they wicked are, ſo them reward.
5 For God and eke his works, regard they never,
But he'l deſtroy them and their ſeed for ever.
6 Bleſt be the Lord therefore who lent an ear,
The voyce of his Suppliant for to hear.
7 He is my ſtrength, my ſheild, my hearts whole truſt,
I helped am, him magnifie I muſt.
8 The Lord's the ſtrength of his Inheritance,
9 Thy people ſave, feed, bleſſe, eke and advance.

PSAL. XXIX.

1 YE Rulers of the world, give to the Lord
2 Glory and ſtrength, exalt him and his word.
3 His voyce rules waters as himſelf doth pleaſe;
Commands the thunder, governeth the Seas.
4 Moſt powerfull is his voyce, he makes to fall,
5 The Cedar Trees of *Lebanon* moſt tall.
6 They ſkip like Calves or Unicorns alſo,
Le-ba-non, *Si-ri-on*, where born they grow.
7 The voyce of God did flames from fire take,
8 And make the wilderneſs of *Cadeſh* ſhake.
9 He makes Hindes Calve, and lay their fortreſs plain,
And in his Temple he's proclaim'd by Man.

10 Th

10 The Lord ſitteth on floods, as King for ever ;
11 He will give ſtrength to's folk, and them deliver.

PSAL. XXX.

1 THou'ſt liſt me up, therefore Lord *I*'le praiſe thee,
Nor haſt thou made my foes triumph o're me.
2 My God, to thee *I* cry'd, thou didſt me heal ;
3 Thou broughtſt me from the grave, thou art my weal.
4 Sing to the Lord ye Saints, and eke give praiſe ;
And in his memory rejoyce alwayes.
5 His anger, it indure may for a night,
The Morning ſhews his favours and delight.
6 When I injoy'd the world, I us'd to ſay,
I ne're ſhall ſmart, nor ſhall my wealth decay.
7 For thou O Lord didſt ſend me ſtrength and aid,
But when thou hidſt thy face *I* was afraid.
8 Therefore again O Lord, *I* cry'd to thee,
Shew me thy face, and eke deliver me.
4 What gain is it, if thou deſtroy my dayes?
I ſaid, ſhall duſt ſhew forth thy wondrous praiſe?
10 Wherefore my God, ſome pitty *I* deſire,
My ſoul do not forſake I thee require.
11 Then didſt thou turn my grief to chearfull voice,
Tookſt off my ſackcloth, mad'ſt me to rejoyce.
12 Wherefore my ſoul ſhall dayly ſing the praiſe
Of thee, my glory, and my God, alwayes.

PSAL. XXXI.

1 LOrd let me not be aſham'd, I truſt in thee ;
But in thy Righteouſneſs deliver me.
2 Hear me O Lord ; to help me make good ſpeed,
And be thou my defence in time of need.
3 For thou'rt my Rock, my fortreſs, do therefore
Lead me, and be my guide for ever-more :
4 Thou art my ſtrength, then pluck me from that Net,
Which they for me moſt privily have ſet.
5 Into thine hand *I* give my ſoul as due,
For thou'ſt redeemed ; thou'rt my God moſt true.

6 Thoſe that do lying vanities regard
I hate, and truſt in thee alone O Lord.
7 In thee I will rejoyce, thou wilt not ſee
My ſoul in trouble, nor adverſitie.
8 Nor didſt thou to my foes make me to come,
Thou haſt my feet plac't in a moſt large room.
9 Some pitty on me take, O Lord, mine eye
With grief's conſum'd, my ſoul with miſerie.
10 My life is ſpent with grief, with ſighs my year;
My ſtrength me fails, my bones conſume with fear.
11 'Mongſt foes I am a ſcorn, friends are diſmaid;
My neighbours when they ſee me, are afraid.
12 As men when once they're dead, are quite forgot;
Juſt ſo am I, or like a broken pot.
13 I've heard much ſlander, fear was on each ſide,
When they conſpir'd 'gainſt me thou wert my guide
14 For I in thee O Lord did put my truſt:
I ſaid thou wert a God to me moſt juſt.
15 My times are in thine hands, deliver me,
From th' hand of him which is mine Enemie.
16 Thy face to ſhine upon thy Servant make,
O Lord ſave me for thy ſweet mercies ſake.
17 Let me ne're be aſham'd, on thee I call,
Put ſinners to the ſhame, and make them fall.
18 Make dumb their lips which follow after lies,
And miſchief do againſt th' upright deviſe.
19 How great's thy goodneſs laid up for them, then
Which fear and truſt in thee; for th' Sons of men
20 Thou ſhalt in ſecret keep them, and them hide
From ſtrife of tongues, and from the worldlings pride.
21 Bleſt be the Lord, who ſhew'd me all along,
Marvelous kindneſs in a City ſtrong.
22 I ſaid in haſte, when I was much oppreſt,
I was cut off, yet heardſt thou my requeſt.
23 Ye Saints love God, who doth the faithfull guide,
He'l give the proud according to their pride.
24 Be of good courage, for the Lord's moſt juſt,
He'l ſtrengthen you, if you make him your truſt.

PSAL. XXXII.

1 THe man is bleſt, whom God forgives his ſin,
2 Whoſe heart no guile, nor fraud, is found therein.
3 For whilſt that I my ſins kept cloſe, my bones
Did waſte away with dayly plaints and moanes.
4 Both day and night, thy hand on me lay ſmart,
My moiſture into dryneſs did convert.
5 Then to confeſs my fault, I did begin,
Thou didſt O Lord forgive me all my ſin.
6 The humble man ſhall therefore pray to thee,
Floods ſhall not him deſtroy, he needs not flee.
7 When trouble once doth compaſſe me about,
Thou art my refuge, and doſt rid me out.
8 I will thee teach how thou ſhalt walk aright,
And will thee guide, according to my ſight.
9 Be not ſo ignorant as th' Horſe or Mule,
Whoſe mouth without a bit there's none can rule.
10 There ſhall much ſorrow find the wicked out,
But God the righteous compaſſeth about.
11 Be glad in God therefore, lift up your voice,
Y' upright in heart, and in him much rejoice.

PSAL XXXIII.

1 YE righteous in the Lord rejoyce, for praiſe
Is comely to th' upright in all their ways.
2 Praiſe ye the Lord with harp, and ſing him things
Of pleaſantneſſe, with muſick of ten ſtrings.
3 Play ſkilfully, ſing him a ſong moſt new:
4 His words are all moſt pure, his works moſt true.
5 He loveth right, and judgement with good will,
And with his goodneſs he the earth doth fill.
6 For by his works alone were th' heavens wrought;
And by his breath, the Hoſts to paſſe were brought.
7 He gathers Seas on heaps, within the ſhore
He layeth up the depth in houſe of ſtore.
8 Let all the earth fear God, and let them all,
In awe of him be kept, and on him call.

9 He ſpake, and it was done; he did Command;
The univerſe is perfect out of hand.
10 God brings to nought, thoſe that do evil act,
He maketh their device of none effect.
11 The Councells of the Lord ſhall ſtand moſt pure,
His thoughts t' all ge-ne-ra-ti-ons ſhall endure.
12 Bleſt are all they, t'whom God their guide is known
Whom he doth chuſe, he taketh as his own.
13 The Lord look't down on men mortal by birth;
14 Conſidering the dwellers of the earth.
15 He faſhioneth mans heart, and doth it frame
Alone, he knowes the working of the ſame.
16 A King of Hoſts ſhall not be ſav'd at length,
Nor ſhall a mighty man prevail by's ſtrength.
17 An horſe for ſafety is moſt vain, nor can
He by his ſtrength deliver any man.
18 Behold the eyes of God, the juſt doth aid,
With thoſe that to offend him are afraid.
19 Their ſoul to death, in famine thou'lt ne're yield:
20 Our ſouls waits on thee, thou'rt our only ſheild.
21 Our hearts in thee ſhall joy, ſtill preſent be
22 With us, who daily put our truſt in thee.

PSAL. XXXIV.

1 I'le bleſs the Lord for ever, and his praiſe,
Shall in my mouth continue all my dayes.
2 My ſoul ſhall make her boaſt of God my choice;
Th'umble ſhall hear thereof, and much rejoice.
3 O therefore, magnifie with me the Lord,
And let's exalt his Name with one accord.
4 For *I* my ſelf him ſought, he lent an ear,
And did deliver me from all my fear.
5 Who doth behold, ſhall ſee his light moſt clear;
They ſhall not be aſham'd, nor need they fear.
6 This poor man, for relief, to God did cry;
He ſav'd him from his trouble inſtantly.
7 Gods Angel doth Encamp them round for ever,
That fear his Name, and he doth them deliver.

8 O taſte, and ſee that God is good and juſt,
Bleſſed is he, who maketh him his truſt.
9 Ye Saints fear ye the Lord, to him give ear,
For there's no want to them that do him fear.
10 The Lyons young do rage, and ſuffer much;
But who fears God, no lack ſhall be to ſuch.
11 Come children dear, unto my words give ear,
I will you teach how you the Lord ſhall fear.
12 That man that would lead long a bleſſed life,
13 Muſt keep his tongue from guile, his lips from ſtrife.
14 From ill depart; do good, and peace purſue:
15 To ſuch the Lord gives ear, they're ſtill in's view.
16 Gods face is ever 'gainſt the wicked train;
He cuts off thoſe that ſhould of them remain.
17 The Righteous cry, God doth hear them ever;
Frees them from pain, and them he doth deliver.
18 The Lord is nigh to ſuch as contrite be;
The poor and meek alſo them [illegible] he.
19 Th' afflictions of the righteous many be;
But God from all of them do ſet him free.
20 The Lord he doth preſerve their Sons alway,
That none of them are broke, or do decay.
21 Sin ſhall the wicked ſlay; he that doth hate
The righteous, ſhall be ever deſolate.
22 The Lord redeems the Souls of his; nor ſhall
Thoſe that make him their truſt, be prone to fall.

PSAL. XXXV.

1 LOrd plead my cauſe with thoſe that ſtrive 'gainſt me,
They ſought to ſlay, but conquer'd are by thee.
2 Be thou my help; take hold on Spear, and Shield,
3 'Gainſt thoſe that perſecute me, win the Field,
4 Confound, and bring to ſhame mine enemies,
To hurt and wrong my Soul they ſtill deviſe.
5 As chaff 'fore wind, thine Angel ſtill them chaſe,
6 And perſecute them in dark ſlipry place.
7 For without cauſe, in pit they hid a Net,
8 To take my ſoul, which without cauſe they ſet.

8 At unawares let him be catch't in thraul,
And in the Net he ſet for others, fall.
9 My ſoul thus ſav'd, ſhall joyfully record,
And ſound the wondrous praiſes of the Lord.
10 My bones ſhall ſay, Lord who is like to thee,
That poor thus ſav'ſt from their ſtrong enemie.
11 Falſe witneſs to my charge, lay things untrue,
Guilty would make me of what *I* ne're knew.
12 And for my good, they do reward me ill;
My ſoul diſquieting, ſeeks it to ſpill.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick, *I* mourn'd,
Cloth'd me in ſackcloth, and my prayer return'd
14 Upon my ſelf, whilſt *I*, like as a brother
Hung down my head, and mourn'd as for a mother.
15 But they rejoyce in mine adverſitie,
*I*n multitudes combining ſtill 'gainſt me.
Though *I* were ignorant, and did't not fear,
They cruelly ceas't not my fleſh to tear.
16 With hypocriticall feaſt-mockers they
Gnaſhed their teeth, as if they would me ſlay.
17 How long wilt thou look on, Lord reſcue me?
From Dogs and Lyons paws eke ſet me free.
18 *I*n congregation great *I*'le praiſe thy Name,
And 'mongſt much people *I*'le advance thy fame.
19 Let not my cauſeleſs foes have cauſe to ſee,
The day wherein they'd triumph over me.
20 They ſpeak not peace, but ever under hand,
miſcheif deviſe 'gainſt th' quiet of the land.
21 Their mouth they open wide at me, and ſay,
Aha, our eyes have ſeen it this our day.
22 This thou ſeeſt, be not ſilent; nor from me,
23 But in thy juſtice wake, Lord ſet me free:
24 Judge me according to thy Righteouſneſs:
Nor let my foes rejoyce in my diſtreſſe:
25 Let not them, in their hearts, inſult and ſay,
So would we have it, ha he's made our prey.
26 Cloath them with ſhame, confuſion, miſerie,
Who ſeek themſelves 'gainſt me to magnifie.

27 But

27 But let them joy, that my juſt cauſe do love,
And ſing aloud ; exalt our God above,
Who doth delight, and in himſelf, to ſee
His ſervants proſper in proſperitie.
28 My Tongue it ſhall ſpeak of thy righteouſneſs,
And all my dayes thy praiſes ſhall expreſs.

XXXVI.

1 TH' tranſgreſſion of the wicked tells to me,
From him he puts Gods fear; he will not ſee
2 Himſelf in his own eyes, he flatters ſtill,
Whileſt that his deeds be found hateful, and ill :
3 For in his mouth, ſin and deceit doth dwell ;
Not wiſe, not good he doth, his deeds do tell.
4 Upon his bed miſcheif he doth devi e,
Abhors not evill, doth all good deſpiſe.
5 Thy mercy Lord reacheth the Heavens hie,
Thy Faithfulneſs above the cloudy Skie.
6 Thy Righteouſneſs, like Mountaines; Truth, Seas deep ;
For thou preſerveſt man, and beaſts doth keep.
7 O Lord thy loving kindneſs doth excell,
Therefore men truſt under thy wings to dwel.
8 Thy houſes fatneſs fills them to the brink,
Thy rivers pleaſure in full draught they drink.
9 Th' fountain of life in thee alone doth lie,
And in thy light a laſting light we ſpie.
10 To them that know the Lord, thy goodneſs ſhew,
Thy righteouſneſs to thoſe in heart moſt true.
11 Let not the proud mans foot againſt me come,
Nor hands of wicked cauſe me quit my room.
12 There wicked are caſt down, mine enemies
They'r faln, and are not able to ariſe

PSAL. XXXVII.

1 BEcauſe of evill doers do not fret,
To envy wicked men do thou forget.
2 For as the graſſe cut down, they'l fade away,
And as the herbs, they'l wither and decay.

3 Truſt

3 Truſt in the Lord, do good, ſo ſhalt thou dwell
In land of th' living, and be fed full well.
4 Eke in the Lord delight, and then ſhall he,
What ere thy heart requeſteth, give to thee.
5 Thy wayes to God commit, and in him truſt,
And he'l acompliſh thy deſires juſt.
6 He will bring forth thy Righteouſneſs in ſight,
And thy juſt dealing, as the Noon-day light.
7 Reſt in the Lord, fret not, wait patiently,
Though they proſper that wickedly.
1 From Anger, Wrath, and to do evil ceaſe;
Fret not thy ſelf, diſturbing thy ſouls peace.
9 For evil doers ſhall in their demerit,
Be all deſtroyed, the juſt their land inherit.
10 For yet a little, and the wicked's gone,
Though thou them diligently ſeek, there's none.
11 As for the meek, they ſhall poſſeſs the land;
Delight in thee, none can their peace withſtand.
12 The wicked plot, gnaſh teeth againſt the juſt:
13 God laugh's at him, for he to tryal muſt
14 Though they draw ſword, bend bow, and ſeek to ſlay.
And to o'rethrow the juſt in their right way;
15 Their ſword ſhall enter into their own heart,
Their bow be broken, to encreaſe their ſmart.
16 A little that the Righteous hath, is more
Then all the wicked's riches heapt up ſtore.
17 Broken ſhall be the wicked's ſtrength, and arms;
But God upholds the right'ous from all harms.
18 God knows the day of the upright, they ſhall
Enjoy Inheritance, perpetuall.
19 Nor ſhall they be aſhamed in th' evil dayes,
But in the time of famine, eat and praiſe.
20 But wicked periſh ſhall, Gods enemies;
As fat of Lambs conſume, or ſmoak that flies.
21 The wicked borrow, but do not reſtore;
Th' righteous mercies reach unto the poor.
22 Such as be bleſt of him, the earth ſhall herit;
Such as be curſt, cut off for their demerit.

23 A good mans ſteps, the Lord doth order ſtill;
His way delights in, ſaveth him from ill.
24 And though he fall, he ſhall not quite decay,
For th' hand of God, is his ſupport and ſtay.
25 I have been young, am old, yet did ne'r ſee
The juſt beg bread, nor his poſteritie.
26 He's merciſull, and lends, his ſeed is bleſt:
27 Depart from ill; do good, and ever reſt.
28 God judgement loves, his Saints he ne'r forſakes;
But of the wickeds ſeed, no care he takes.
29. Th' juſt, the Land inherits dwels for ever:
30 His mouth ſpeak wiſe, 's tongue doth judgment deliver.
31 The Law of God is graven in his heart;
None of his ſteps ſhall ſlide, nor he depart.
32 The wicked watch the juſt, ſeek him to ſlay;
33 But God will not condemn, though him judge they.
34 On God wait, keep his way, he'l exalt thee,
And wicked quite cut off, thine eye't ſhall ſee.
35 I've ſeen the wicked in proſperitie,
Spreading himſelf, much like a green bay-tree:
36 Yet by he paſt; for lo, he was not ſound;
I ſought him, but he no where could be found.
37 The perfect man, then mark; behold th' upright,
His end is peace, and glorious is his night.
38 Thoſe that tranſgreſs, ſhall be deſtroyed together,
The wicked's ends ſhall be cut off for ever.
39 But of the Lord, the juſts Salvation is,
In time of trouble, all their ſtrength is his.
40 The Lord ſhall help, and eke deliver th' juſt;
Them he ſhall ſave, becauſe they in him truſt.

PSAL. XXXVIII.

1 O Lord, in thy great wrath rebuke me not,
Nor chaſten me in thy diſpleaſure hot.
2 Thine arrowes ſtick faſt in me, they me goare;
Thine heavy hand oppreſſeth me full ſore.
3 Cauſe of thy wrath, my fleſh it hath therein,
No ſoundneſs, nor bones reſt, 'cauſe of my ſin.

4 For

4 For all my ſins above my head are gone,
And too great burthen makes me for to moane.
5 Cauſe of my folly, corrupt wounds ſmell ſtrong,
6 *I* troubled am, bow down, mourn all day long.
7 My loins with ſore diſeaſe have no whole part,
8 And I moſt feeble, roar, for grief of heart.
9 All my deſires are before thee O Lord,
My groanings are not hid, thou heard'ſt my word.
10 My heart doth pant, my ſtrength it doth me fail,
My ſight is gone, my troubles ſo prevail.
11 My lovers, and my friends, keep from my ſore,
My kinſmen alienate themſelves therefore.
12 Who ſeeks my life, lays ſnares to do me wrong,
Miſcheiſe they muſe, deceit think all day long.
13 But as one deafe to them I lent none eare,
And as one dumb to ſpeak I did forbear.
14 And as one deaf, whoſe mouth hath no reproof
15 In thee, I hope thou'lt hear on my behoof.
16 I ſaid, hear me, leaſt they inſulting, cry,
His foot now ſlips, our ſelves we'l magnify.
17 I almoſt halt, my ſorrows are 'fore me,
18 I will declare my ſins and griefs to thee.
19 But Enemies are lively, war moſt ſtrong,
And they are multitudes that do me wrong.
20 And thoſe that render ill for good to me,
They are my foes, 'cauſe *I* delight in thee.
21 Be thou not far from me, nor me forſake,
22 Thou God of my Salvation pitty take.

PSAL. XXXIX.

1 I'Le mind my ways, leaſt that *I* ſin, *I* ſaid
Open my mouth, 'fore wicked *I* 'm afraid.
2 Made dumb with ſilence, ſo *I* held my peace,
Refrain'd good talk, but ſorrows did increaſe.
3 Whil'ſt *I* was muſing thus, my inward flame
Moved my tonge to burſt into this ſame:

4 Lord

4 Lord let me know my end, and length of life,
How fraile *I* am, for to conclude this ſtrife.
5 My life's a Span, mine age is nought 'fore thee,
An hand breadth, leſſe, nothing but vanitie.
6 Thus man turmoils himſelf, in grief and pain,
Heaps riches up as ſhaddows, finds all vain.
7 Now Lord what wait *I* for? my hope's in thee,
8 From all my ſins, and ſcorn of fools, me free.
9 Dumb, 'cauſe thou didſt it, *I* reſolv'd to be;
10 Thy hand me ſlays, thy ſtroke remove from me.
11 When thou for ſin rebukes man, in a day,
His Beauty like a Moth doth fade away.
12 Regard my tears O Lord, and do me hear,
I ſtranger am, as all my Fathers were.
13 O ſpare me, that *I* may get ſtrength, before
I do depart from hence, and be no more.

PSAL. XL.

1 I For the Lord did wait moſt patiently,
To me h' inclin'd an ear, he heard my cry,
2 From Pit of horror, and from miry clay,
He pluck't my feet, on Rock 'ſtabliſh't my way.
3 To me he taught new Songs, to praiſe his name;
Thoſe that ſee it, ſhall fear and do the ſame.
4 The man is bleſt that maketh God his truſt,
Reſpects not proud, nor loveth the unjuſt.
5 Much are thy thoughts, and works toward us done,
They can be told, or reckoned by none.
6 Thou'ſt g'ven me ears, no ſacrifice requir'd,
Sin and burnt offerings thou'ſt not deſir'd.
7 Then ſaid *I*, lo, *I* come to do thy will,
8 Thy law writ in my heart for to fulfill.
9 Taught of thy righteouſneſs O God have *I*,
In Congregations great, *I'*le not deny.
10 Nor *I* from them thy faithfull truth have hid,
Thy loving kindneſs ſtill declare *I* did.
11 Hold not thy tender mercies Lord me fro,
Thy faithfull loving kindneſs to me ſhow.

12 Innumerable ills do me confound,
Mine iniquities have beſet me round.
In number, they exceed th' hairs of my head;
Therefore my heart me fails, I'm almoſt dead.
13 O Lord my God, therefore let it pleaſe thee,
In haſte to help, and eke deliver me.
14 Shame, and confound tho e that ſeek my ſouls harm;
Deſtroy, o'rethrow all ſuch with thy ſtrong arm.
15 Let them be deſolate; reward of ſhame,
That ſcorning at me, cry, Ah, heres the game.
16 While ſuch as fear thee, glad oe, and rejoyce;
And ſuch as love thee, magniſe their choice.
17 Poor, needy, though I am, God thinks on me;
He is my help, deliver Lord, haſte thee.

PSAL. XLI.

1 BLeſt man is he con-ſi-de-reth the poor;
The Lord delivers ſuch from troubles ſore.
2 He'l bleſs, preſerve, keep him alive on earth,
Nor him give up to his foes will, or mirth.
3 When body's ſick, the Lord's his ſtrengh and aide:
Yea, his ſickbed ſhall by his God be made.
4 Then ſaid I, Lord be mercifull to me,
And heal my ſoul, my ſins they are 'gainſt thee.
5 My foes do evill ſpeak of me, and crie,
When ſhall we ſee him periſh? when's Name die?
6 If me he viſit, he ſpeakes va-ni-tie;
His heart contracteth ſin, abroad he'l lie.
7 They that me hate, me hurt, and whiſper ſtill,
8 He'l now ſure riſe no more, 's diſeas'd to ill.
9 Yea, my familiar friend, whom I did truſt.
That eat my bread, his heel againſt me thruſt.
10 But thou my Lord, be mercifull to me,
And raiſe me to requite their crueltie.
11 By this I find I am belov'd of thee,
When foes no cauſe have triumph over me.
12 To fall from truth, thou'lt me ſuffer never,
But ſet me ſtill before thy face for ever.

13 The

13 The Lord of *Iſ-ra-el* be prais'd therefore,
Amen, Amen, ſay I, for evermore.

PSAL. XLII.

1 AS chaſted Hart deſireth th' water ſoard,
My thirſty ſoul longs after thee O Lord.
2 My ſoul for God the living Lord thirſts ſtill,
It would appear 'fore him, to know his will:
3 My teares have been my meat, both night, and day,
Whil'ſt, where's thy God, upbraidingly they ſay.
4 My ſoul's pour'd out, when this I think upon,
For I with troops unto thy houſe have gon;
Ev'n with the Me-lo-die of joy and praiſe,
As multitudes to God keep Holy-dayes.
5 Why then ſo ſad my ſoul, diſquieting me?
Truſt God, his countenance ſhall ſet thee free.
6 O Lord, my ſoul doth faint, to think upon
The land of *Jordan*, little hill *Hermon*.
7 Each wave of troubles to me calls another,
No ſooner's one o're-paſt, but falls the other.
8 But thou'lt in day thy kindneſs ſhew to me,
And in the night, thy ſong ſhall with me be.
'Tis thee Lord of my life, that I will praiſe,
And eke my pray'r ſhall tend to thee alwayes.
9 I'le ſay, My rock, why forgetteſt thou me?
Why mourn I? cauſe th' rage of mine enemie.
10 My foes reproach to me, is as a ſword,
Whil'ſt they thus ſay to me, where is thy Lord?
11 So ſad my ſoul? why art diſ-qui-e-ted?
Truſt ſtill in God, it ſhall be re-med'ed:
For I ſhall yet have cauſe to give him praiſe,
Who is my help, and ſo hath been alwayes.

PSAL. XLIII.

1 LOrd judge, and plead my cauſe, 'gainſt men unjuſt,
From ſuch alone me keep, thou art my truſt.
2 Thou 'rt God of my ſtrength, why doſt caſt off me?
Why do I mourn? cauſe of mine enemie.

3 Thy light, and truth, ſend out to be my guide,
That I may tread thy paths, not ſtep aſide.
4 I'le go to God, then in exceeding joy,
And on my harp, O God, thee praiſe will I.
5 Why art ſo ſad my ſoul? me wearying?
Truſt thou in God, he ſhall thee freedom bring;
For I to God will alwayes give thee praiſe,
Who now's my health, and hath been all my dayes.

PSAL. XLIV.

1 WE've heard O God, our Fathers eke us told,
What in their dayes thou did'ſt, in times of old.
2 How thou drov'ſt out the heathen with thine hand,
Planting our fathers in the peoples land.
3 They got not by their ſword, or ſtrength, but by
The Arm, and Grace, of him who is moſt high.
4 Thou art my King, help *Jacob* ſundry wiſe;
5 And through thy ſtrength we'l ſlay thoſe 'gainſt us riſe.
6 I'le not truſt bow, nor can my ſword me ſave,
7 Thou keepeſt us from foes, put'ſt them in grave:
8 In God we boaſt, and praiſe his Name for ever,
9 Yet he rejects, and doth not us deliver.
10 Thou madeſt us before our foes to flee,
And ſpoild'ſt our goods, even for our enemie.
11 Thou'ſt given us up like ſheep ordain'd for meat,
Us ſet 'fore Heathen, that they might us eat,
12 Thou'ſt ſold thy people, as a thing worth nought;
No gain or profit thou thereby haſt ſought:
13 To friends, thou makeſt us a laughing-ſtock,
Thoſe that are round about us, at us mock.
14 A by-word 'mongſt heathen they me do make;
When they me ſee, their heads at me they ſhake.
15 I ſhamed am to hear thoſe wicked men,
And bluſh, my face with red is cov'red then:
16 For why? we heard ſuch blaſphemies, and lyes,
That death it is, to hear their wrongs or cries.
17 This falls on us, yet we ne'r forget thee,
Nor falſly break thy Covenant did we,

18 Our hearts are not turn'd back, neither I ſay,
Have our ſteeps declined from thy way.
19 Thou'ſt trod me down in place where Dragons be;
Nor from the ſhade of death haſt ſet me free.
20 If we forget God, and an Idol chuſe;
21 Thou know'ſt our thoughts, us juſtly maiſt refuſe.
22 Thus all day long we're killed for thy ſake,
As ſheep for ſlaughter, enemies us take.
23 Sleep not O Lord therefore, but wake; ariſe,
And caſt us not for ever from thine eyes
24 Wherefore doſt hide thy face from us? or why
Doſt us forget in our great miſery?
25 Our ſoul's bow'd down, our belly cleaves to duſt;
26 For thine own ſake, us help, in thee we truſt.

PSAL. XLV.

1 MY heart good matters of the King indites,
My tongue's the peen, and readily it writes.
2 Thy gracious lips, and beauty men exceeds,
God therefore bleſſeth thee in all thy deeds.
3 Moſt mighty God, thy ſword gird on thy thigh,
With thy great glory, and thy majeſty.
4 Triumphant ride with truth, meekneſs, and right,
Thine hand thee teach, matters of dreadful might.
5 Thy darts moſt keen, i'th hearts of th' Kings foes be,
Whereby the people fall, and worſhip thee.
6 The Throne O God of truth, is thine, therefore
Thy Scepter ſhall endure for evermore.
7 Thou lov'ſt the good, but ſtill the evill hates,
God thee anoints with gladneſs 'bove thy mates.
8 Thy veſture's rich perfum'd, in which thou'rt clad,
Iv'ry thy Palace is to make thee glad.
9 Kings Daughters thine attendants there were ſeen,
At thy right hand ſtandeth the glo-rious Queen.
10 O Daughter hearken, and con-ſi-der well,
Forſake thy fathers houſe where thou did'ſt dwell:
11 So ſhall thy beauty greatly pleaſe the King,
He is thy God, him worſhip in each thing.

12 Then ſhall his Daughter gifts to thee preſent;
Th'rich ſeek thy favour with their whole intent.
13 Moſt rich within's the Daughter of the King,
Like burniſh't gold of Ophyr's her cloathing.
14 Thus comes She to the King, in Robes all wrought,
And Virgins her com-pa-ni-ons ſhall be brought.
15 With gladneſs and rejoycing on each ſide,
Into the Kings great Pallace to abide.
16 Inſtead of Parents loſt, O Queen, thou'lt ſee,
Thy Sons to reign on earth, and Princes be.
17 Lord, ever ſhall remembred be thy Name,
And eke all ages ſhall adore the ſame.

PSAL. XLVI.

1 THe Lords our refuge, ſtrength, in time of grief,
A very preſent help to give relief.
2 Then fear not, though Earth move, and Mountains great,
Be toſt into the Sea, as to their ſeat.
3 Though that her waters troubled be, and roar,
Though Mountains ſhake eke at her ſwething o're.
4 For there's a River ſtreams, whereof make glad
Gods City, Holy Place, none need be ſad.
5 He's in the midſt of her, nought move her ſhall,
God is her help, when e're on him ſhe'l call.
6 The waters raged, Kingdomes moved were,
God uttereth his voice, they melt with fear.
7 The Lord of Hoſts is with us, for he ſtill
Our refuge is, defends us from all ill.
8 Behold here what great works the Lord hath wrought,
The earths in-ha-bi-tants he brings to nought.
9 Her wars make ceaſe, and break her Spears in ſunder,
The Charriots burns, thus are they all brought under.
10 Be ſilent; know I'm God, and 'tis my will,
O're heathen folk to be exalted ſtill.
11 The Lord of Hoſts is with us, and 'tis he
Will be our refuge in extremitie.

PSAL. XLVII.

1 O Clap your hands all people, and rejoyce;
Shout unto God with a triumphing voyce:
2 For High is God, and dreadfull are his deeds;
He's great on earth, there's none that him exceeds.
3 He shall subdue the folk under us all,
And Nations cause under our feet to fall.
4 He our in-he-ri-tance for us shall chuse,
Jacobs excellency he'l not refuse.
5 God with a shout ascended up on high,
With trumpers sound he entereth the Skie.
6 Sing praises unto God, and to our King;
7 He rules the earth, all praises to him sing.
8 He rules o're Heathen, and sits in his throne;
9 The Princes of the people joyn'd each one
To *Abrahams* God, who is exalted high,
That he might keep them safe continually.

PSAL. XLVIII.

1 GReat is the Lord, greatly to be prais'd still,
In City of our God, on's Holy Hill.
2 Mount *Sion* is the joy of all the Lands,
The Kings great City on the North side stands.
3 God's in her Pallaces a refuge known;
4 For lo, the Kings assembled were each one.
5 They saw it, and with wonder fil'd were they;
They troubled were, and hasted fast away.
6 Great terrour on them fell, which made them look,
As women do in travell that are took.
7 And with an eastern wind Lord, thou hast broke
The Ships of *Tarshish* with a heavy stroke.
8 As we have heard, we've seen Lord, thou wilt never,
Thy City leave, but 'stablish it for ever.
9 Lord of thy loving kindness we have thought,
As midst thy temple where thou us hast taught:
10 Like to thy Name for ever is thy praise,
In righteousness thy right hand acts always.

11 Let *Sions* mount, and *Judah* praiſes ſing,
'Cauſe of the righteous judgements of their King.
12 Round *Sion* walk, do thou Her Towers count,
That thou maiſt know t' how many they amount.
13 Her Bullwarks, and her Courts, conſider well.
That following generations thou maiſt tell.
14 For this God evermore, our God is he,
And he our guide even unto death ſhall be.

PSAL. XLIX.

1 ALL people in the earth of this conſider,
2 Both high and low, both rich and poor together:
3 For why? my mouth of wiſdom it ſhall ſpeake,
And eke my heart int' underſtanding breake.
4 To parables incline mine ear, I will,
And open my dark Speech on Harp with ſkill
5 In evill dayes: then wherefore ſhould I feare,
When 'bout my feet, mine iniquities were.
6 They that in multitudes of wealth truſt moſt,
And in themſelves do of their riches boaſt:
7 There is not one of them that that can redeem
His brother, or give God fit price for him.
8 'Tis too great price to pay, none it can have,
9 That he ſhould longer live, not go to grave.
10 He, Wiſe, and Fools ſees ſubject to th' event
Of death; when dead, ſtrangers poſſeſſe their rent.
11 They think their houſes ſtand for ever ſhall,
Therefore their Lands after their names they call:
12 Yet ſhall not man in honour alwayes ſtay,
But like the beaſts ſoon periſh, and decay.
13 And this their way, their folly is, and yet,
Poſterity of what they ſay think fit.
14 Death on them feeds, like Sheep they lye in grave,
Their beauties fade, the juſt rule o're them have.
15 But God he will redeem my Soul from pain,
And to himſelf, he'l me receive again.
16 Fear not when mans great riches doth increaſe,
17 They'l all forſake him when he doth deceaſe.

18 Yet

18 Yet living, he doth bleſſe himſelf in's deeds,
Whilſt others likewiſe him with flatt'ry feeds.
19 Be gath'red to his people then he muſt,
Light never more to ſee, but ſleep in duſt.
20 Man in's honour, and knows not how't increaſt,
May be compar'd to the de-cay-ing beaſt.

PSAL. L.

1 THE mighty God ev'n all the world doth call,
From th' riſing of the Sun, unto its fall.
2 And out of *Sion*, which God loveth beſt,
He will perfection ſhine, above the reſt.
2 Devouring fire, 'fore him you may ſee,
And round 'bout him it ſhall tempeſtious be.
4 To earth and heaven 'bove then call ſhall he,
That he may judge his folk in equitie.
5 Thy *Saints* together to me gather now,
Thoſe that are mine, by Sacrifice, and vow.
6 The heavens ſhall his righteouſneſs declare,
For by himſelf all Creatures judged are.
7 Hearken my people, and *Iſrael* to me,
I'm God, thy God, I teſtifie to thee.
8 I blame thee not, for want of ſacrifice,
Or daily offrings before mine eyes.
9 Bullock, or Goat, I need not take that's thine,
10 For all the beaſt on thouſand hills are mine.
11 All fowls on mountaines, they by me are known,
All beaſt in field that feed, eke be mine own.
12 I would not tell thee, though *I* hungry were;
The world is mine, and all the fulneſs there.
13 Eat fleſh of Bulls, drink blood of Goats will *I*?
14 Offer thankſgiving, pay thy vows on high.
15 Then call on me in troubles when ye be,
And *I* will help, then glorifie thou me.
16 To wicked men ſaith God, how is't you dare,
My words take in your mouth, Statutes declare.
17 Since me, and mine inſtruction thou doſt hate,
My word behind thee caſts, as out of date.

18 For when thou saw'st a thief, thou with him went,
And with Adulterers gav'st thy consent:
19 Thou giv'st thy mouth to ill, art void of shame,
Thy tongue both fraud, and eke deceit doth frame.
20 Thou sit'st and speak'st against thy brother dear,
To slander mothers Son, thou dost not fear:
21 Cause I kept silence, these things hast thou done,
Like to thy self, thou judgest me such one.
But I'le reprove thee for thy deeds so base,
And them in order set before thy face.
22 Who forgets God, consider this for ever,
Lest I you tear, when none can you deliver.
23 He offereth praise, that glorifies the Lord,
He'l bless in safety him that loves his word.

PSAL. LI.

1 HAve mercy Lord, some pitty on me take;
Blot out my sins, for thy sweet mercies sake.
2 To wash me throughly, Lord do thou begin,
And drench me from my trespasses and sin.
3 Mine iniquities I confess to thee,
My sin before me is, Lord set me free.
4 I've done this ill 'gainst thee, and in thy sight,
If thou me dost condemn, thou dost but right.
5 Behold, my mother me conceiv'd in sin,
And I have ever since remain'd therein.
6 But thou desirest truth i'th inward part,
Therefore thou wisdom sends me to convert.
7 Purge me with Hyssop, and I clean shall be,
Whiter then Snow, if thou wilt but wash me.
8 Make me in gladness Lord, to hear thy voyce,
That th' bones which thou hast broken may rejoyce,
9 Lord from my sins do thou turn back thy face,
And my transgressions blot from out their place.
10 Create in me, a heart most clean and true,
And in me Lord a Spirit right renew.
11 And from thy presence Lord take thou not me,
Nor let thy Spirit taken from me be,

12 Give

12 Give unto me thoſe joys which are in thee,
And eke uphold me with thy Spirit free.
13 Thus then will I tranſgreſſors teach thy heart,
And ſinners ſhall to thee O Lord convert.
14 From guilty blood do thou, Lord, me deliver,
My tongue then ſhall thy Juſtice praiſe for ever.
15 Do thou O Lord open my lips always,
My mouth ſhall then ſhew forth thy wondrous praiſe.
16 Thou lov'ſt not ſacrifice, elſe ſhould'ſt it have,
Nor doſt burnt of-fe-rings of me e're crave.
17 A broken Spirit is Gods Sacrifice,
A contrite heart he never doth deſpiſe.
18 Do good O Lord on thy moſt Holy Hill,
Build thou the Walls of *Je-ru-ſa-lem* ſtill.
19 Thou wilt our offerings accept I ſay,
Yea, Calves we will upon thine Altar lay.

PSAL. LII.

1 WHy boaſt'ſt in miſchief mighty man, 'tis ſare,
The goodneſs of the Lord ſhall e're endure.
2 Thy tongue like Raſors ſharp miſchief deviſe,
Working deceitfully, and forging lies.
3 Thou lov'ſt not good, but thou preferreſt ill,
Falſhood 'fore truth, eke thou advances ſtill.
4 Thou doſt delight in fraud, deceit and wrong,
O thou deceitfull and miſchievous tongue.
5 God ſhall deſtroy thee from thy dwelling place,
Both thee, and eke thy ſeed, he will deface.
6 The juſt they'l ſee thy fall, with fear, the Lord
They'l praiſe, and laugh at thee with one accord.
7 See him that would not take God for's defence,
Made goods, his God; was rul'd by corrupt ſenſe:
8 In th' houſe of God I'm like green Olive-tree,
In God I truſt, he doth deliver me.
9 For this therefore I'le praiſe thee with my voice,
Set forth thy Name wherein the Saints rejoice.

PSAL. LIII.

1 THe fool in's heart, hath ſaid, a God there's none,
Corrupt are they, good works they'v done not one.
2 God looks to earth, on ſons of men to ſee,
If any lov'd him in ſinceritie.
3 They'r all corrupt, and ſain out of the way,
There's none of them doth good, not one *I* ſay.
4 Do not the wicked know, they feed on all
My folk, as bread; nor do they on me call.
5 There were they in great fear, and much diſmaid,
Whereas there was no cauſe to be afraid;
His bones that thee beſeig'd are ſtung abroad,
They are conſumed, and caſt off by God.
6 Give thou the people health, O Lord, fulfill
Thy Vow to *Iſrael*, made on *Sion* hill:
When God brings back his, that were captive led,
Then *Jacob* ſhall rejoyce, *Iſrael* be glad.

PSAL. LIV.

1 THy ſtrength me judge, me ſave, thy name O Lord
2 Unto my words give ear, my prayer regard.
3 Strangers againſt me riſe, and vex me ſtill,
Regard not God, but ſeek my ſoul to ſpill.
4 But loe the Lord mine helper is, and aid,
Upholds my ſoul, nor lets me be afraid.
5 With ill, repay all thoſe that for me wait,
Deſtroy my foes, that for me lay a baite.
6 *I* freely ſacrifice then to thee will,
And prai e thy Name, therein is comfort ſtill.
7 He keeps me from thoſe, that 'gainſt me conſpire;
Upon my foes mine eye hath ſeen's deſire.

PSAL. LV.

O Lord my God, give ear to me that pray,
Nor from my ſupplications turn away.
2 Attend to me O Lord, and hear my voice,
My prayer ſo mournful is, I can't rejoyce.
3 'Cauſe of the cruelty, and noiſe of thoſe,
Who blemiſh me, and are my mortal foes.

4 My heart within me Lord, is pained much,
The deadly terrours faln on me are ſuch:
5 The terrours faln on me, make me afraid,
With horrors over whelm'd I'm to:e diſmaid.
6 O that I'd dove-like wings, *I* did then ſay,
Then could I be at reſt, by flight away.
7 I'le wander far, and in deſart remain;
8 And haſten my eſcape from ſtormes and pain.
9 Deſtroy O Lord, and eke divide their tongue,
For *I* in their City, have ſeen much wrong.
10 Both day and night, theſe go about the wall,
Miſcheif's in th' mid'ſt, and ſorrows eke withal,
11 Guile and deceit, in mid'ſt thereof do meet,
Nor wickedneſs departeth from her ſtreet.
12 If foes ſhould me reproach, *I* would't abide,
And from him *I* my ſelf could ſafely hide.
13 But thee it was, which friendſhip did pretend,
14 And to Gods houſe thou went'ſt with me a friend.
15 Let death them take, let them go quick to hell,
Evil's with them, in wickedneſs they dwell.
16 As for me, I upon my God will call,
And he will ſave me, from my troubles all.
17 Morning and noon, I'le pray, and eke rejoyce,
And cry aloud, for he will hear my voice.
18 My ſoul in peace he'l keep, from wars 'gainſt me,
Though Adverſaries join, and many be.
19 The Lord that reigns both now and evermore,
When I complain, he'l puniſh them full ſore.
20 His Covenant of peace, they have forgot,
And thoſe that wiſh their good, they value not.
21 Smoother then oil, or butter, were their words;
Their hearts conceiveth war, and cuts like ſwords.
22 Caſt thou thy care on God, he'l thee ſuſtain,
Nor ſhall the juſt in troubles long remain.
23 The bloody man, the Lord ſhall caſt always
In pit, nor ſhall he live out half his days.
But I O Lord in thee will ever truſt,
For thou art unto me a God moſt juſt.

PSAL. LVI.

1 O Lord my God, be merciful to me,
Left by mine enemies conſum'd I be.
2 To wallow me O Lord, they take delight,
And many be, which do againſt me fight.
3 O Lord my God, when that I am afraid,
I'le truſt in thee alone, who art my aid.
4 O Lord thy word I'le praiſe, and truſt in thee,
Nor will I fear what fleſh can do to me.
5 What I e're ſpake, they reſt my words at will,
And all their thoughts do work 'gainſt me for ill:
6 Themſelves they hide moſt cloſe, and for me wait;
They mark my ſteps, and for my ſoul lay bait.
7 Shall they in miſcheif ſcape? Lord on them frown,
And in thine anger, caſt theſe people down.
8 Thou tel'ſt my flights, and on my tears doſt look,
Keep them in glaſs, and write them in a book.
9 My foes turn back, when that I cry to thee,
And by this ſame I ſee thou loveſt me.
10 God and his word I'le praiſe, and truſt mine aid;
11 What man can do to me, I'm not afraid.
12 O Lord my God, thy vowes are upon me,
And I will dayly render praiſe to thee.
13 My ſoul defend from death, keep feet upright,
That I may walk with ſuch as live in light.

PSAL. LVII.

1 TAke pitty on me, keep my ſoul in reſt,
Thy wings my guard, whil'ſt ill from me be paſt.
2 I'le call on God, my God who is moſt high,
To him, that gives me all things, will I cry.
3 From heaven he will ſend me ſafe from thoſe,
With mercy, truth, who are my deadly foes.
4 My ſoul with Lyons is, all ſet on ire,
I live with ſuch as fret like flames of fire.
5 Their teeth like ſpears, and arrows I have ſeen,
Their tongue is ſharper than a ſword moſt keen.

6 Exalt

5 Exalt thy ſelf above the Heavens clear,
And let thy glory 'bove the earth appear.
6 They for my ſteps prepared, have a net,
My ſoul's bow'd down, in pit they would me ſet:
They thought they could me catch in their own pit,
But they themſelves are faln in midſt of it.
7 My heart is fixt O Lord in thee alwayes,
In thee tis fixt, and 't ſhall ſing forth thy praiſe.
8 Awake my joy, my lute, lets hear thy voice,
For I my ſelf will wake, and eke rejoyce:
9 'Mong people Lord to the I'le praiſes bring,
Amongſt all nations I to thee will ſing.
10 Thy mercies to the Heavens do extend,
Thy truth doth go from one cloud to the end.
11 Above the Heavens Lord exalted be
Thy glory, alſo 'bove the earth lets ſee.

PSAL. LVIII.

1 YE Rulers put in truſt, do ye judge right,
Are all your judgements juſt, ev'n in Gods ſight.
2 In heart ye muſe to miſcheif, and conſent,
Where ye ſhould juſtice eye, to bribes ye'r bent.
3 The wicked from the womb, they follow lies,
So ſoon as born, they miſcheif do deviſe.
4 Poiſon in them, like ſerpents, doth appear,
They'r like deaf adders, which do ſtop their ear.
5 Becauſe they would not hear a charmers voice,
Though others he did much excel in choice.
6 Break thou their teeth, within their mouths ſo ſtrong,
Which are like tuſhes of a Lyon young.
7 Like water then, let all of them decay,
His dart he ſhoots, let them be broke by th' way.
8 As ſnailes that waſte, and unto ſlime do run,
Like one untimely born, that n're ſaw th' ſun.
9 Before young thornes, to buſhes big do grow,
Gods wrathful ſtorms ſhall take them ere they know
10 That God doth vengeance tak't. ſhall do th' juſt good,
And they ſhall waſh their feet in th' wickeds blood.

11 Then ſhall they ſay, God doth good men reward,
He's God on earth that juſtice doth regard.

PSAL. LIX.

1 KEep me O Lord from all mine enemies,
And me defend from thoſe that 'gainſt me riſe,
2 Deliver me from thoſe, work things not good,
And eke preſerve me from all men of blood.
3 For lo, they for my Soul in wair do lye,
Nor wrong, nor ill 'gainſt them e're make did *I*.
4 Themſelves they fit, though *I* them ne're offend;
Wake, help me Lord, and ſee what they intend.
5 Then Lord of hoſts of *Iſ-ra-el* ariſe,
And ſmite all thoſe that miſchiefe ſtill deviſe.
6 Th'at night return, like dogs that go about,
From place, to place, the City quite throughout.
7 They belch, their lips are Swords, they nothing fear,
For what ſay they, there's none our words can hear:
8 But thou O Lord, make them a laughing ſtock,
The Heathen folk deride, and at them mock.
9 The ſtrength *I* have 'gainſt foes, all comes from thee
My God, thou art a ſure defence to me.
10 The God of mercy he ſhall let me ſee,
Mine own deſire upon mine enemie.
11 Deſtroy them not, leſt that my folk forget,
But ſcatter them, and in a pit them ſet.
10 For their ill words confound them in their pride;
Their lies, and oaths, let all the world deride.
13 Conſume them in thy wrath, let them not be;
That *Jacobs* God doth rule, let all men ſee.
14 At noon they run apace, like dogs they cry,
Throughout the ſtreet they run about, and ſpy.
15 Lord let them wander up and down for meat,
And grudge 'cauſe they can nothing find to eat.
16 But *I*'le ſhew forth thy ſtrength, thy goodneſs praiſe,
For thou art my defence in all aſſaies.
17 Thou art my ſtrength O God, *I*'le ſing to thee,
The God of my defence thou'lt ever be.

PSAL.

PSAL. LX.

O God thou'ſt caſt us off, but turn again;
Be not diſpleaſed, but with us remain.
The earth thou'ſt broken, and made it to quake,
Reſtore her breaches for ſhe now doth ſhake.
Thou'ſt ſhown hard things to people that are thine,
Thou'ſt made them drink a deadly cup of wine:
Thou'ſt g'ven to them a banner that fear thee,
Becauſe of truth that 't may diſplayed be.
So that thy might may keep ſuch as thee fear,
That they may have thy help, this of me hear.
I will rejoyce, God ſpoke in's holy place,
Sichem, and *Succoths*, he'l divide by pace.
Gilead is mine, *Manaſſes* mine beſide;
Ephraim's mine head, my law doth *Judah* guide.
Moab I'le waſh, o're *Edom* make ſhooe flee;
Philiſtine triumph thou becauſe of me.
Who will me bring into the City ſtrong?
To *Edom* guide me, leſt *I* go a wrong.
Wilt not, which haſte forſook us, and our Coaſts,
And would'ſt not take into thine hand our hoſts.
Give us thy help from thoſe that us diſdain;
The help that man can give us, is but vain.
Through God our Lord, we ſhall do valliantly,
'Tis he alone treads down our enemy.

PSAL. LXI.

O Lord my God, *I* make my prayer to thee,
To me give ear, from trouble eke me free.
When that my heart's o'rewhelm'd, to thee *I*'le cry,
Lead me unto the rock that is moſt high;
For thou haſt been to me a ſhelter ſtrong,
A Tow'r from thoſe that would have done me wrong.
In thine own houſe *I* ever will endure,
Under thy wings *I* truſt, to be ſecure,
For thou haſt heard my vows; fulfill the ſame
With gifts, reward all thoſe that fear thy Name.

6 Full long the King in life, thou wilt maintain,
From age to age, o shall endure his raign.
7 He shall abide before the Lord for ever,
Get truth and mercy, which may him deliver.
8 So will *I* praises sing unto thy Name,
I'le pay my vowes, and eke fulfil the same.

PSAL. LXII.

1 MY soul on God alone thou shalt attend,
For why? my hope in him doth whole depend.
2 He is my rock, defence, and eke my aid,
There's no pretence shall make me much afraid.
3 Ye wicked that do mischief use, shall fall,
Like rotten fence ye be, or tot'ring wall.
4 Whom God doth love, ye seek to put to th' worst,
Ye lie, with mouth, he's prais'd, with heart he's curst.
5 My soul wait thou on God *I* thee desire,
He'l give to thee, what thy heart shall require.
6 He only is my Rock and my defence;
If I him trust, *I* nere shall move from thence.
7 My safety is in God, my glory eke,
Rock of my strength, defence if *I* him seek.
8 Trust him alway, ye folk with one accord,
Pour out your hearts, and say this is our Lord.
9 The Sons of men are found in ballance light,
Like things most vain they are of little weight.
10 Trust not in wrong, become not vain in stealth,
Though you wax rich, set not your heart on wealth.
11 God once hath spoke it; twice to mind *I* call,
That power unto him belongeth all.
12 Thou also Lord in mercy dost exceed,
And rendrest man according to his deed.

PSAL. LXIII.

1 O Lord my God, seek thee betimes will *I*,
My Soul thirsts after thee in Land most dry.
2 Thy power, and thy glory, eke to see,
So as in Sanctuary *I*'ve seen thee.

3 Because

3 Becauſe thy love ſurmounteth many dayes,
My lips therefore ſhall give to thee due praiſe.
4 Thus will I praiſe thee while I live, I will
Lift up my hands in prayer unto thee ſtill.
5 My ſoul is fill'd with thee, as fat moſt ſweet,
My mouth ſhall ſing ſuch ſongs as are moſt meet.
6 When as in bed I meditate on thee,
7 The ſhadow of thy wings deliver me.
8 My ſoul ſticks cloſe to thee, thy hand's my ſtay,
9 Who ſeeks my ſoul to ſpill, do thou them ſlay.
10 Th'ſword ſhall them ſlay, men on their fleſh ſhall feed,
The Foxes which do ſeek their prey at need.
11 Th' King ſhall rejoyce, that doth profeſſe Gods word,
And lyars mouths be ſtopt, and ſlain with ſword.

PSAL. LXIV.

1 LOrd to my voyce give ear, hear me that pray,
And me defend from thoſe that would me ſlay.
2 Hide me from thoſe that in deceit do lurk,
And eke from thoſe, iniquity that work.
3 Who whet their tongues, like as men whet their ſwords,
And bend their bows to ſhoot their bitter words.
4 That they may hit in ſecret place, the juſt;
They quickly ſhoot at him, no God they truſt.
5 In wicked works they have decreed, and ſay,
Let's uſe deceit, there's none dare bid us nay.
6 What way to hurt, they muſe within their heart,
What ſnares to uſe, they all conſult their part.
7 But God will ſhoot at them, and with them fight,
He ſhall them wound, and put them all to flight;
8 Their evill tongues ſhall work themſelves ſuch blame,
That who their faults ſee, wonder at the ſame.
9 All men that ſee, of Gods great works ſhall tell,
And all his doings they ſhall know full well.
10 The juſt ſhall truſt in God, and ſhall rejoyce;
So ſhall the pure in heart be glad in voyce.

PSAL. LXV.

1 IN *Sion* Lord, for thee, e're waiteth praiſe,
And to thee *I*'le perform my vow always.
2 For that thou do'ſt unto my pray'rs agree,
All folk both far and near ſhall truſt in thee.
3 *I*niquities 'gainſt me prevail alway,
For my tranſgreſſions, purge them all away.
4 The man is bleſt thou takes i'th' Court to dwell,
With goodneſs of thine houſe it ſhall excell.
5 Hear us O God, our health from thee doth riſe,
The hope of earth, and of Sea coaſts likewiſe.
6 Which by his ſtrength he makes the mountaines ſtand,
With ſtrength, they are beſet, and with thine hand.
7 Which maketh boiſtrous Seas to be moſt ſtill,
And governeth all tumults at his will.
8 The folk that dwell on earth, ſhall dread, to ſee
Thy ſignes, the morn, and noon, ſhall e're praiſe thee.
9 When th' earth is dry, and thirſteth more and more,
Then with thy drops do thou encreaſe her ſtore.
Thy floods do ever flow in ev'ry thing,
The ſeed and corn thou makeſt up to ſpring.
10 Thou breaks her clods, with wet her furrows fills,
Her fruits are bleſt, thy drops on her diſtills.
11 Thou deckſt the earth with fair and pleaſant crop,
Thy clouds of rain. great plenty they do drop.
12 Whereby the deſert great increaſe ſhall bring,
Hills ſhall therein rejoyce, and eke forth ſpring.
13 The paſtures flocks ſhall feed, and cover th' earth,
Th' corn ſo encreaſe, that men ſhall ſing with mirth.

PSAL. LXVI.

1 YE men make joyfull noiſe to God alwayes,
2 Sing forth his Name, and glorious make his praiſe.
3 How great thou art in all thy works (ſay ye,)
Thy foes for fear, 'gainſt, will they ſeek to thee.
4 All earth ſhall ſing unto thy holy Name;
I'le worſhip thee, my ſoul ſhall do the ſame.

5 Behold

Behold, and ſee what things the Lord hath wrought;
Mark well, what he for man to paſſe hath brought.
The Seas he dry'd, therein a way they had;
They went on foot moſt dry, their hearts were glad.
By pow'r he rules, and eyes all men for ever,
Triumphing rebells he will not deliver,
Ye people, bleſs the Lord our God always,
With joyfull voyce ſing ye, eke of his praiſe.
Who keeps our ſouls in life, all by his love,
He looks t' our ſteps, we ſhall not ſlip nor move.
10 Though like to ſilver, Lord thou didſt us try,
11 And broughteſt grief on us that we ſhould ly.
12 Though thou let men, our heads o're ride and raign,
Though we through fire and water run, for pain.
Yet ſure I am, thou dideſt it for beſt,
Thou brought'ſt us in a place of wealth, and reſt.
13 Into thine houſe I'le go, and dayly pray,
There to apply my ſelf, my vows, and pay.
14 Which with my mouth I ſpake in all my ſmart,
And which I made in dolour of my heart.
15 Burnt offrings I'le give thee, fat oxe, and rams;
My ſacrifice ſhall be, of goats, and lambs.
16 Come forth, and hear, all ye that fear the Lord;
What for my ſoul he'th done, I will record.
17 Full oft to mind, his goodneſs I do call,
I make great ſpeed t' ſhew forth his praiſes all.
18 If I in heart regard iniquity,
The Lord will never hear me when I cry.
19 But verily the Lord hears my deſire,
And grants me, what of him I do require.
20 Bleſſed be God, who hears me when I pray,
His mercies from me he takes not away.

PSAL. LXVII.

1 THe Lord in mercy grant to us his grace,
And cauſe on us to ſhine his glorious face;
2 That all the folk on earth may know thy way,
And ſaving health, 'mongſt nations great I ſay.

3 Let all the people praiſe thy holy Name,
And thee extoll, my ſoul ſhall do the ſame.
4 Let all the world rejoyce, and ſing with mirth,
For thou with truth, and right, doſt guide the earth.
5 Let all the people praiſe thine Holy Name,
And thee extol, my ſoul ſhall do the ſame.
6 Then ſhall the earth yeild forth her great encreaſe,
And then to bleſs us thou wilt never ceaſe.
7 God will us bleſſe; and then both far and near,
Shall have great cauſe his holy Name to fear.

PSAL. LXVIII.

1 GOds foes ſhall flee, when that he doth ariſe,
And ſcattred ſhall be all his enemies.
2 As fire melts wax, and th' wind blows ſmoake away,
So in Gods preſence th' wicked ſhall decay.
3 But juſt men 'fore the Lord ſhall much rejoyce,
They ſhall be glad, and chearfull in their voyce.
4 Who rides on th' ſkies, ſing praiſes to his Name,
His Name is *Jah*, let's magnifie the ſame.
5 He that's above, within his holy place,
Is Childrens Father, judge of widdows caſe.
6 Houſes he gives unto the comfortleſſe.
But rebells brings into a great diſtreſſe.
7 When thou didſt march th' *Egyptians* from among,
And brought'ſt thy folk through deſart wide and long,
8 He made it rain ſo faſt, the earth did quake,
His mighty preſence made Mount *Sion* ſhake.
9 Thou waſh't thine heritage with ſtore of rain,
When weary 'twas, thou didſt with it remain.
10 Thy choſen flock dwelt there, and thou haſt ſtore
Of goodneſs got, for thoſe which are thy poore.
11 God gave the Word, great company were thoſe
That ſet it forth, for they of him were choſe.
12 Kings of great Armies fled apace with toil,
And ſhe that ſtaid at home ſhall part the ſpoil.
13 Though ye 'mong pots have lain, y'out ſhine the dove,
Whoſe wings beneath like ſilver, gold, above:

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14 When in't God ſcatted Kings, both high and low,
It was like *Salmon* Hill, as white as ſnow.
15 Though *Baſhan* be an hill both great and high,
Yet *Sion* doth it much exceed: then why
16 Brag ye, ye Hills? to leap, ceaſe will ye never,
God *Sion* loves, and there he'l dwell for ever.
17 His Armies thouſands are of warriours ſtrong,
He eke in *Sinai* is them, all among.
18 Thou'ſt gone on high, and captive led them all,
Which long ſince kept his choſen ones in thrall.
Thou'ſt gifts receiv'd; and he that did rebell,
Thou did'ſt ſubdue, that he with thee might dwell.
19 Bleſſed be God, who pours on us his grace,
From day, to day, he's God of our Solace.
20 He's God alone who's our Salvation ever,
And who from grief and pain doth us deliver.
21 But God ſhall wound the head of's enemies,
And th' hairy ſcalp of thoſe that ill deviſe.
22 From *Baſhan*, *I*, he ſaid, my folk will bring,
From depth of Seas, and from the liquid ſpring.
23 Their feet ſhall dip in th' blood of thoſe, my Name
That hate, th' tongues of their dogs ſhall do the ſame.
24 They've ſeen how thou doſt all thy foes deface,
And how thou go'ſt into thine holy place.
25 Singers, the Van lead, Minſ'erells the reare,
Damſels in midſts of Timbrills playing were,
26 Let *Iſra.l's* Congregation praiſe the Lord,
Let *Jacobs* ſeed do th' like with one accord.
27 Their chief was *Ben.* But *Juda* made the hoſts,
With *Zebulun*, *Napthali*, in their coaſts.
28 As God hath giv'n the pow'r, ſo Lord command
The thing in us thou'ſt wrought, ever to ſtand.
29 Thy temple in gifts, give the Lord will we;
Kings at *Je-ru-ſa-lem* give praiſe to thee.
30 Rebuke great ſpear-men, that prize war, not peace,
As Bulls and Calves, their tumults cauſe to ceaſe;
Till they ſubmit, and tribute to thee yeeld,
Scatter thou them, and make them quit the field.

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31 Princes from *Egypt* then ſhall come to ſee,
And *Ethiopia* ſtretch her hand to thee.
32 Ye Kingdomes of the Earth, ſing to the Lord,
And to our God all praiſes due afford.
33 To him that rides upon the Heavens high,
That was of old, his voice doth peirce the skie.
34 All ſtrength to God aſcribe, praiſe him aloud,
His ſtrength mounts *Iſ-ra-el*, and's o're the cloud.
35 O God, thy holineſs is dread e're more,
Jacobs God gives us ſtrength, praiſe him therefore.

PSAL. LXIX.

SAVe me, O God, leſt waters me o're ſpread;
So nigh my ſoul they come, I'm ſore afraid.
2 I ſtick in mire, and almoſt drowned be;
I feel no ground, the ſeas ſo o're flow me.
3 With crying oft *I* faint, my throat is drie;
Mine eyes me fail, while *I* look God on high.
4 My foes that hurt my ſoul, with hate are led;
In number they ſurmount th' haires of my head:
They vex me cauſleſſe, proſper, and are glad,
And make me give the things that *I* ne're had.
5 O Lord, thou know'ſt the fooliſhneſſe of me;
Nor are my iniquities hid from thee.
6 Let none that ſeek, and wait on thee, have ſhame.
7 Becauſe I've born reproach, that bears thy Name.
8 Unto my brethren, ſtranger I became,
And to Mothers ſon, I alien am.
9 For th' zeal to thee I bear, they fall on me;
I grieve to hear their checks, and taunts at thee.
10 I wept, chaſtned my ſoul with faſt, yet they,
To give me great reproach, do not delay.
11 Of ſackcloth alſo, I my garment made;
As of a Proverb, ſo of me they ſaid.
12 They ſpeak 'gainſt me that ſit within the Gate,
And drunkards frequently of me do prate.
13 Lord then I pray, that when it pleaſeth thee,
Thou wilt alway ſend down thine aide to me.

14

14 Let me not ſinck, but from the mire me keep;
From enemies, and from the waters deep;
15 Leſt with the waves, the depth ſhould me devour,
And that the pit ſhould ſhut me in her power.
16 O Lord, to me give ear, for thou'rt moſt kind;
As thou art merciſull, have me in mind.
17 Hide not thy face from me, O Lord, for I
In trouble am, but anſwer ſpeedily:
18 Redeem my ſoul, O Lord, do thou draw nigh,
And me deliver from mine enemy.
19 Thou know'ſt what ſhame, and troubles, fall on me,
For all mine enemies before thee be.
20 Reproach, and heavineſs, my heart have broke;
I look't for pity, but none eas'd the ſtroke.
21 And in my meat they alſo gave me gall;
When thirſt, they gave me Vinegar withall.
22 Lord make their table then become a ſnare;
That prove their trap, where they thought well to fare.
23 Blind thou their eyes, that they may never ſee;
And to themſelves a terrour let them be:
24 Thy wrath, and indignation, on them pour,
In thy diſpleaſure, ceaſe on them each hour.
25 Let thou their dwelling place be deſolate;
Let none dwell in their tents, but all them hate.
26 Where thou doſt ſmite, they wound without relief;
Whom thou doſt wound, they ſtill augment their grief.
27 Adde ſin unto their ſin; nor let them come
28 Into thine own account, or th' righteous ſum.
29 But poor O God, and ſorrowfull am I,
Let thy ſalvation ſet me up on high.
30 Then with a ſong I'le praiſe thy holy Name,
And with thankſgiving magnifie the ſame,
31 This Offering far, pleaſe thee better ſhall,
Then either Ox, or Bullock, from the ſtall.
32 The humble ſhall ſee this, alſo the meek;
Your hearts ſhall live, which after God do ſeek.
33 He hears the poor, nor pris'ners doth deſpiſe;
34 Earth, Seas, him praiſe, and all above the skies.

35 He'l *Juda's* City build, and *Sion* ſave,
Much people there, their dwelling place ſhall have.
36 Seed of his ſervants there inherit ſhall,
Who loves his Name, ſhall it poſſeſſe withall.

PSAL. LXX.

1 MAke haſte O God, make haſte, me to deliver,
Make haſte to help me, thou'rt my God for ever.
2 Put them to ſhame, which do my ſoul purſue;
Put them to flight, that ſeek to make me rue.
3 For a reward of ſhame, turn them away,
That ſcornfully at me, do cry, Aha.
4 Let all thoſe that thee ſeek, be glad, rejoyce,
Such as thee love, thee magnifie in voyce.
5 But I poor, needy am, deliver me;
Thou art my help, Lord therefore ſet me free.

PSAL. LXXI.

1 O Lord my God, I truſt in thy great Name,
Let me therefore never be put to ſhame.
2 And in thy righteouſneſs deliver me,
Incline thine ear, and alſo ſet me free.
3 Be thou my rock, to whom reſort I may,
Thou ſaid'ſt thou would'ſt my fortreſſe be alway.
4 From th' wicked's hands O Lord deliver me,
And from thoſe hands that work iniquitie.
5 Thou art my hope, in whom I dayly truſt,
Ev'n from my youth, to thee, *I* had a luſt.
6 Thou haſt me kept e're ſince that I was born,
Therefore I'le praiſe thee, evening and morn.
7 As to a wonder, folk to me do throng,
But thou to me O Lord, art refuge ſtrong.
8 Let thou my mouth be filled with thy praiſe,
And of thine honour let me talk alwayes.
9 Refuſe me not, when age my limbs doth take,
Though ſtrength me fail, do not my ſoul forſake;
10 For all my foes would take me through deceit,
And they that for my ſoul do dayly wait,

11 Say,

11 Say, God's forſook him, let's him threaten ever,
For there is none, that now can him deliver.
12 O Lord thou need ne're abſent from me be,
But in great haſte, do thou give help to me.
13 Confound my foes, and make them all as dirt,
And let them be conſum'd that ſeek my hurt.
14 But *I* will hope in thee, ev'n all my dayes;
Still more, and more, *I* will ſet forth thy praiſe.
15 Of thy great goodneſs forth I'le dayly ſend,
But of thy benefits I know none end.
16 Yet will I go, with thy good help, O God,
Thy ſaving health alone I'le ſet abroad.
17 O God thou haſt me taught, ev'n from my youth,
And hitherto I have declar'd thy truth.
18 And as in youth, thou waſt my onely ſtay,
Forſake me not, 'cauſe now my hairs grow gray:
Till I, thy Might ſhow, to thoſe that be here,
That our ſeed may thee know hence many yeare.
19 Great is thy juſtice; all men may it ſee,
Thy works are wonderfull, who's like to thee?
20 *I* felt ſore trouble, yet thou didſt me ſave,
Thou didſt me help, and bring me from the grave.
21 Thou ſhalt encreaſe my greatneſs, more, and more;
Thou giv'ſt me comforts on each ſide great ſtore.
22 Therefore thy truth to praiſe, with lute I'le ſing,
My harp ſhall ſound thy praiſe, O *Iſraels* King,
23 My lips will joy, when I ſhall ſing to thee,
And eke my ſoul, for thou haſt ſet it free.
24 My tongue ſhall talk of thee, all the day long,
For thou'ſt conſum'd thoſe that would do me wrong.

PSAL. LXXII.

1 THe King, thy judgements give; inſtruct him well
Therein; with's Son, Lord let thy juſtice dwell.
2 That he may rule, and judge thy folk aright,
And eke defend all thoſe that have no might.
3 The mountains ſhall bring to the people peace,
And little Hills in juſtice ſhall increaſe.

4 That he may make the poor and needy ſtrong,
And eke deſtroy thoſe that would do them wrong.
5 To fear thee then, all ages ſhall be ſure,
So long as Sun, or eke Moon ſhall indure.
6 Make him to the juſt, like to fields new mown,
And like as drops refreſh the Land new ſown.
7 The juſt ſhall in this time, be all at peace,
Till th' Moon ſhall leave to waſte, and to increaſe.
8 He ſhall be Lord of Seas, the Land throughout,
And of the Rivers all the earth about.
9 They that in deſerts dwell, ſhall in him truſt,
And all his enemies ſhall lick the duſt.
10 Great Lord of Iſles, then gifts unto him brings,
Of *Sheba*, and of *Seba*, gifts from Kings.
11 Kings ſhall adore, and worſhip him ev'n all,
Him eke obey, and ſerve all Nations ſhall.
12 The needy cries, he them deliver will,
And him that hath no helper from all ill.
13 The poor and needy likewiſe he doth ſave,
The helpleſs ſouls, from him their ſafety have.
14 He ſhall redeem them from foes, power and might,
And precious ſhall their blood be in his ſight.
15 Of *Sheba*'s gold they gifts to him ſhall give,
Pray'rs for him ſhall be made, and he ſhall live.
16 A little corn upon the mountains thrown,
Shall ſpring like trees, in *Lebanon* full grown.
They of the City likewiſe ſhall be ſeen,
To ſpring as gra's, and flouriſh ever green.
17 His name ſhall e're indure, and all men ſhall
Be bleſt in him, and eke him bleſſed call.
18 E're bleſſed be the Lord, ev'n *Iſraels* King,
Who only doth moſt ſtrange and wondrous thing.
19 Bleſt be his holy name Eternally,
Who fills the earth with truth, Amen ſay I.

PSAL. LXXIII.

1 INdeed, God good to *Iſrael* doth indure,
And unto thoſe that are in heart moſt pure.

2 But as for me, my feet to ſlip were nigh,
3 I th' wicked grudg'd in their proſperity.
4 Their ſtrength is firm, for they've no bands in grave;
5 No grief nor plagues, like other men they have.
6 Pride therefore 'bout them compaſſeth like chains,
And violence like cloaths with them remains.
7 They are ſo feed with fat, their eyes out ſtart,
They have more earthly goods, than wiſh can heart.
8 Their life is moſt in boaſting of their wrong,
Which they have done ev'n ſimple men among.
9 Againſt the living Lord they ſet their tongue,
Their mouths do walk throughout the earth ſo long.
10 His folk then turn to ſee their proſperous ſtate,
And all muſt drink th' ſame cup, follow th' ſame rate.
11 Theſe worldly things, how can God underſtand,
They ſay, ſith wicked rule both ſea and land.
12 See how in riches wicked men increaſe,
They thrive with worldly goods, and live in peace.
13 Then why do I, from wickedneſs refrain;
My hands, and heart, I've waſht, and all in vain.
14 For all day long I have been plagu'd with ſhame,
And ſcourg'd each morn, as ſubject unto blame.
15 *If* I'd thus ſay, miſliking mine eſtate,
I judge thy ſaints, as folk unfortunate.
16 When I did think, this matter great to know,
To heavy 'twas for me, and painful too.
17 Till *I* went to Gods holy place, and then,
I underſtood the ends of all thoſe men.
18 Surely in ſlipp'ry place thou maid'ſt them ſit,
And ſling'ſt them down into the utmoſt pit.
19 How they are brought to nought in little time,
*T*errours of death on them do quickly clime
20 As dreams when one awakes, ſo Lord are they,
For in thy ſight they ſhall even all decay.
21 Yet thus my heart was griev'd, and much oppreſt;
22 *I* fooliſh was 'fore thee, and like a beaſt.
23 Yet with thine hand, thou hold'ſt me alwayes faſt,
24 *T*o glory bring'ſt me, by counſel, at laſt.

25 In

25 *In* skies above, Lord, whom have *I* but thee?
In earth but thee, there's none delighteth me.
26 My flesh and heart me fail; God fails me never,
He is my portion, and my strength for ever.
27 For lo, those that in any one do trust,
But thee, shall be destroyed, for thou art most just.
28 But *I*'le draw nigh to God, with him *I*'le dwell;
In him alone *I*'le trust, his deeds *I*'le tell.

PSAL. LXXIV.

1 O God, why hast thou cast us off for ever?
Why do'st thou not thy pasture sheep deliver?
2 *Think* on the folk, that thine have been so long,
Which thou'st redeem'd, and brought from bondage strong.
Have mind therefore, remember it full well,
Thy Sions Mount, where thou wert wont to dwell.
3 Lift up thy feet O Lord, against all those,
That to thy holy place, are deadly foes.
4 Amidst thy folk, thine enemies roar all;
For signes, they ensignes set upon a wall.
5 As men with axe, hew trees on hills that grow,
So shine their swords within thy *Temple* now.
6 *The* carved work thereof, they break once at,
With hammers, bills, they do they care not what.
7 *Thy* Sanctuary they consume with flame;
They pull to ground, the place set for thy Name.
8 *They* said in heart, let us them out of hand
Destroy, they burnt Gods houses through the land.
9 We see no signes, no Prophet's us among:
There is none with us that knoweth how long
10 Lord, when wilt thou thy foes 'gainst, end this shame,
And those destroy, that curse against thy Name.
11 From foes, why dost thou draw thine hand away?
Pluck't from thy breast, and with it all them slay.
12 Lord thou'rt my King, and evermore hast been;
Yea, thou, to do me good, was oft-times seen.
13 Thou by thy strength, didst waters deep divide,
Therein thou brok'st the Serpents head; he dy'd.

14 Thou

14 Thou break'ſt Whales heads, and gaveſt them for meat,
To thoſe in deſerts, that they ſhould them eat.
15 Thou water mad'ſt come from rocks hard and high;
And ſeas that were moſt deep thou dideſt drie.
16 Both day, and night, by thee were firſt begun,
Thou haſt prepared light ev'n by the Sun.
17 Of earth, thou didſt appoint the ends and coaſts,
Thou found'ſt out Summer heats, and Winter froſts,
18 Conſider Lord thy foes, thy folk would ſhame,
And fooliſh men have oft blaſphem'd thy Name.
19 Thy Doves to foes, Lord, do not thou deliver,
Neither forget the needy ones for ever.
20 Thy Covenant, Lord, have reſpect unto,
From th' earth's dark place, ſprings cruelty and wo.
21 Let not th' oppreſſed ones, Lord, come to ſhame,
But give poor, needy, cauſe to praiſe thy Name.
22 Stir up thy ſelfe therefore, plead thine one cauſe,
Leſt th' fooliſh thee reproach, that break thy laws.
23 Forget not thou the voyce of thine en'my,
Sith foes, tumults increaſe continually.

PSAL. LXXV.

1 TO thee, give thanks we will, for that thy Name
Is nigh, O God thy wonders ſhew thy fame.
2 When I thy folk receive, I'le judge aright,
3 Though earth's diſſolv'd, I'le bear them with thy might.
4 I ſaid to fools, act not ſo fooliſhly,
And to the proud, ſet not your horns too high.
5 Lift not your horns high, nor with ſtiff-neck ſpeak,
6 No honour doth from th' worlds four quarters break.
7 But God is judge, he ſentence gives aright;
Aba'eth, and exalteth, in his might.
8 For in his hand he bears a cup that's red,
With mixed wine, which he pours on their head.
The dregs thereof, his foes their fill ſhall drink,
And wring them out, in cups fil'd to the brink.
9 But I'le declare his works, his praiſes ſing,
Ever to *Jacobs* God, and *Iſraels* King.

10 The

10 The wickeds horns, and ſtrength, cut off will *I*,
But th' righteous ſhall be exalted high.

PSAL. LXXVI.

1 IN *Judah* God the Lord, is known full well,
His Name is great in City *Iſ-ra-el.*
2 *In Salem* is his Tabernacle, he,
His dwelling place hath made, in *Sion* be.
3 And there he break the ſhaffs of bows, the ſheild,
the ſword, and battel he o'rethrew in field.
4 Thou art more rich, more ſtrength in thee is found,
Then thoſe that rob on mountaines high and round.
5 The proud through thee are ſpoil'd, and ſain on ſleep,
There is no man of might himſelf can can keep.
6 O *Jacobs* God, at thy rebuke, did fall
Both charret, horſe, none of them mov'd at all.
7 Thou dreadfull art, what man the courage hath,
To bide thy ſight when thou art once in wrath.
8 Thou judgement caus'd to come from ſky at will,
And to be heard; th' earth fear'd, and was moſt ſtill.
9 When God aroſe, in judgement, for to ſave.
Th' meek of the earth that were nigh to the grave.
10 The wrath in man, that reign'd now, gives thee praiſe,
Hereafter Lord reſtrain their rage alwayes.
11 Make vows, pay them to God, that nigh him be,
Bring gifts to him, for dreadfull ſure is he.
12 For he'l cut off all Princes of great birth;
He dreadfull is to all the Kings of th' earth.

PSAL. LXXVII.

1 I With my voyce unto the Lord did cry,
With voyce *I* ſpake, he heard me inſtantly.
2 In griefe I ſought the Lord, no reſt I took
By night, my ſoul all comfort good forſook.
3 When I on God do think, my grief's the more,
I could ſcarce ſpeak, my breath was ſtopt ſo ſore,
4 Thou keeſt'ſt my eyes awake, my ſpeech is gon,
5 Both ancient dayes and years I think upon.

6 *I* commune with mine heart, my ſong I mind,
And for my Spirit, I much talk do find.
7 Will God the Lord e're caſt us off therefore?
And will he friendly be to us no more?
8 His mercies 'gain come to us will they never?
And doth his promiſe fail us eke for ever?
9 Hath God forgotten gra-ti-ous to be?
He mercies eke in wrath ſhut up hath he?
10 At laſt, lo this my weakneſs is ſaid *I*,
His mighty hand can help, who is moſt high.
11 I'le think upon the works of th' living Lord,
His mighty works *I* gladly will record.
12 Yea, *I*'le declare all works thou didſt deviſe,
And will not ſpare to tell thy councells wiſe.
13 Thy ways O Lord are holy all abroad,
Who is ſo great in ſtrength as thee our God?
14 Thou'rt God, who wonders doſt, both near and far,
Thy ſtrength among the folks thou doſt declare.
15 Thou doſt defend thy folk ev'n with thine arm,
Joſeph, and *Jacob*'s ſeed thou keep'ſt from harm.
16 The waters ſaw the Lord, and were afraid;
Depths of the Seas were troubled, and diſmaid.
17 From clouds came rain, from ſkies a ſound, O God,
Thine Arrows alſo, went forth all abraod.
18 The voyce of thunder made all things to quake,
The light'ning made all earth to fear and ſhake.
19 Thy path's in waters deep, in Seas thou'ſt gone,
But where thy foot-ſteps are, it is not known.
20 Thou led'ſt thy folk like to a flock in th' land.
Moſes and *Aaron* guides them by their hand.

PSAL. LXXVIII.

1 Give ear my people to my law alway,
I incline your ears to that which *I* ſhall ſay.
2 In parable, open my mouth *I* will,
Dark ſayings old, I'le utter eke with ſkill.
3 Which we have heard and know, ye friends of old,
The ſelf-ſame thing have oft unto us told.

4 We will not hide them from their children dear,
Shewing the folk to come, the Lord; and fear
His ſtrength alſo, that wonderfull hath been,
And eke his works, that true and great, were ſeen.
5 *Jacob* had law, how *Iſ-ra-el* ſhould live,
Willing our friends the ſame their Sons to give.
6 That they, their Sons, that were not ſprung up ſo,
Should know the law, and teach their ſeed alſo.
7 That they their hope in God, might ever ſet,
And keep his laws, and not his works forget.
8 Not like their fathers, rebells in God's ſight,
And would not frame their hearts to know him right.
9 Though *Ephraims* children armed were alway,
Yet they turn'd back, of battell in the day.
10 They kept not vow, nor would walk in Gods law,
11 But quite forgot Gods wonders that they ſaw.
12 He wondrous things did to their fathers hands,
In *Zoans* fields, and eke in *Egypts* lands.
13 He parted Seas, and cauſed them through to paſs
The waters all together gath'red was.
14 He alſo with a cloud them led at day;
And in the night, with fiery light alway.
15 He water brought, from dry land, which he clave,
And drink to them, as in great Seas he gave.
16 He Seas drew from the rock, which he did keep;
They run ſo faſt, they made great places deep.
17 Yet for all this, their ſins did much increaſe,
And mov'd th' moſt high to wrath i'th' wilderneſs.
18 In heart they tempted God, who is moſt juſt,
By aſking naughty meat, ev'n for their luſt.
19 Yea, they 'gainſt God did ſpeake, and they ſaid,
I'th' wilderneſs, can God a table ſpread?
20 He ſtruck the rock, and floods forthwith did flow,
Can he give to his folk, bread? fleſh, alſo?
21 For this, Gods wrath was with *Jacob*, and's ſeed,
He kindled fire, *Iſ-ra-el* 'gainſt, with ſpeed.
22 Becauſe they in the Lord, beliefe none have,
Nor do they truſt, that he can e're them ſave.

23 Though

23 Though he bad th' Clouds above, to break in ſunder,
24 And *Manna* rain'd for meat, as dreadful wonder.
25 Men eat the Angells food, at their requeſt;
26 The eaſt wind blew, Gods pow'r brought i'th' ſouthweſt
27 He rain'd fleſh, thick as duſt, and fowl as ſand,
28 And them he caſt, where all their tents did ſtand.
29 Then did they eat, and all men had their fill;
He gave them what they could deſire with will.
30 Whil'ſt they did eat, Gods wrath upon them fell;
31 He ſlew their cheif, the choice of *Iſ-ra-el.*
32 Yet they to ſinning fell, and did him grieve,
He wonders wrought, yet they would not believe.
33 He then in vanity, conſum'd their dayes,
And made them eke in trouble be alwayes.
34 When he them plagu'd, they ſought him inſtantly;
35 Knowing their ſtrength, and help, was God on high.
36 Yet with their mouthes, they flatter ſtill the Lord,
And with their tongues, diſſemble they his word.
37 For all their hearts, with him were not aright,
Nor did they keep his Covenant in's ſight.
38 But he forgave them their iniquitie,
And ſlew them not, but many times did he
Adviſe himſelf, and turn his wrath away,
And did not ſtir it up all in a day.
39 Thinking they were but fleſh, and as the wind,
That cannot well return by his own kind.
40 Yet oft they him provok't, i'th' wilderneſſe,
And in the deſert, eke they did no leſſe.
41 They turned back, and tempted God full ſoon,
And limited ev'n *Iſraels* holy One.
42 They thought not on his hand, nor yet did they,
That they deliver'd were, think on the day.
43 *In Egypts* land, his ſignes how wrought had he;
His wonders in the field of *Zoan* be.
44 And how he turn'd their Rivers into blood,
So that they could not drink in all their flood.
45 He ſent great ſort of flies, which them annoy'd,
And eke of frogs, which moſt of them diſtroy'd.

46 He gave their ſtock unto the Catter-piller,
And all their labour to the Graſs-hopper.
47 He ſmote their Vines with hail, that they were loſt,
And all their Sycomore trees with the froſt.
48 Unto the hail he alſo gave their ſtock,
And to the thunder-bolts he gave their flock.
49 He caſt on them his wrath, and anger ſtrong,
And evill ſpirits eke all them among.
50 To wrath he made a way, ſpar'd not the leaſt,
Aud gave the peſtilence to man and beaſt.
51 He ſmote the firſt-born, that in *Egypt* came,
The chiefe of men, and beaſts, in tent of *Ham*.
52 But his own ſolk, he did preſerve, and keep
Them in the wilderneſs like unto ſheep.
53 He leads them ſafe, no fear e're on them lies,
But th' ſeas moſt deep o're-whelm'd their enemies.
54 He brought his to the coaſts of 's holy land,
Ev'n to the mount which he got by's ſtrong hand.
55 H' caſt heathen out, their lands he did devide,
Made *Iſraels* tribes ev'n in their tents abide:
56 And yet the Lord moſt high they tempted ſtill,
They him provok't, would not obey his Will.
57 But as their fathers turn'd back, ſo did they,
Like bows that will not bend, but ſtart away.
58 They made him angry, with their places high,
Their Idols him provok't to jealouſie.
59 God then was wrath, for *Iſrael* no care took,
60 Th' tent *Shiloh* plac't 'mong men, he eke forſook.
61 His ſtrength God gave into captivity,
And eke his Ark unto the enemy.
62 Gave them to th' ſword, wrath with his heritage,
63 Young men are burnt, maides had no marriage.
64 By ſword the Prieſts alſo periſh't each one,
There was no widdows left, him to bemoan.
65 Then God t' awake, as one from ſleep began,
Refreſh't with wine, ev'n like a valiant man.
66 He ſmote on th' hinder parts his foes ev'n all,
And put them to a ſhame perpetuall.

67 Moreover

67 Moreover he did *Joſephs* tent refuſe,
And *Ephraim*'s tribe he would in no wiſe chuſe.
68 But *Judah*'s tribe choſe where he thought to dwell,
And *Sions* mount, which he did love full well.
69 He alſo built his temple high, and ſure,
Like to the earth, for ever to endure.
70 Then *David* choſe he, him to ſerve, and keep
His folk, he took him from the fold of ſheep.
71 From keeping th' ews with young, God did advance
Him, t' feed *Iſrael* and his inheritance.
72 So he with faithfulneſs of heart them fed,
And eke, with ſkilfulneſs of heart them led.

PSAL. LXXIX.

1 THine heritage Lord th' gentiles would defile,
They heap *Jeruſalem*, thy temple ſpoile.
2 The bodies of thy Saints abroad they caſt,
Th' fleſh of thy Saints the beaſts devour, and waſte.
3 They ſhed their blood quite round *Jeruſalem*,
Like Seas, and there was none would bury them.
4 Thus we become a ſhame the world throughout,
A ſcorn to them that are us round about.
5 How long, Lord, wilt thou ſet 'gainſt us thy ire,
And ſhall thy wrath e're burn 'gainſt us like fire.
6 On thoſe which have not known thee, pour the ſame,
On all thoſe realms which call'd not on thy Name.
7 For they both *Jacob* and his ſeed deſtroy'd,
They've left his dwelling place both waſte and void.
8 Bear not in mind, O Lord, our former faults,
For we are low, then help in all aſſaults.
9 Eke for thy Names ſake, Lord help us for ever,
Quite purge away our ſins, and us deliver.
10 Then wherefore ſhould the heathen ſay abroad,
We care not now, for what's com'd on their God?
Require of them O Lord, ev'n in our ſight,
Thy Servants blood, which they ſpilt in deſpite.
11 Let th' priſ'ners ſighs Lord come e're 'fore thee,
Who're judg'd to die, with ſtrength Lord ſet them free.

12 E-ven to thoſe, that would blaſpheme thy Name
Them ſeven fold repay for do-ing th' ſame.
13 So we thy paſture ſheep, will give thee praiſe,
All ages teach, to do the ſame alwayes.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 O Thou great Shepherd, that *Iſ-ra'l* doſt keep,
That leadeſt *Joſeph*, and him feeds like ſheep.
Thou God, that dwells on Cherubins moſt bright,
Set forth thy ſelf, with all thy beamos of light.
2 'Fore *Ephrim*, *Ben*, *Manaſſes*, eke likewiſe,
Shew forth thy ſtrength to help us, and ariſe.
3 Turn us again, thy face to ſhine cauſe thee
On us, and then we ſhall in ſafety be.
4 O Lord of Hoſts, wilt angry be alway
Againſt thy folk, and wilt not here them pray?
5 Thou giveſt them both bread and tears to eat;
Yea, tears they drink in meaſure full and great.
6 Thou mak'ſt us ſtriſe, to thoſe that round us be,
And we are laught at by our enemie.
7 Turn us again, thy face to ſhine cauſe thee
On us, and then we ſhall in ſafety be.
8 From *Egypt* thou O Lord, a vine brought haſt,
Thou'ſt planted it, and out the Heathen caſt.
9 Thou didſt prepare a place, and ſet it faſt;
And it grew great, and fil'd the earth at laſt.
10 Hills covered were, with ſhade that from it came,
And Cedars ſtrong, with branches of the ſame.
11 Unto the Sea her boughs ſo big ſhe ſent,
And eke her branches, to the River went.
12 And broken down her hedges then, why ha'ſt?
That all which paſſe thereby may make it waſte.
13 The Boar out of the wood, waſtes it each hour,
And wild beaſts of the field do it devour.
14 O Lord of Hoſts, from Heaven look again,
We thee beſeech, and this thy vine ſuſtain.
15 Thy plant, I ſay, whom thy right hand hath ſet,
Support alway, and do not it forget.

16 They

16 They cut it down, and eke it burn with fire,
And we all periſh, through thy frowning ire.
17 Let thy right hand them keep, thou keep'ſt ſo long,
And with his Son whom thou haſt made ſo ſtrong.
18 So will we not at all go back from thee,
Us quicken, and call on thy Name will we.
19 Turn us again, thy face to ſhine cauſe thee
On us, and then we ſhall in ſafety be.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 SIng to the Lord our ſtrength, with pleaſant voice,
To *Jacobs* God, and eke in him rejoyce.
2 Sing Pſalmes, prepare your inſtruments moſt meet,
And eke ſtrike up of ev'ry ſtring moſt ſweet.
3 Blow up your Trumpet in th' new moon *I* ſay,
In th' time appointed, on our ſolemn day.
4 For this a ſtatute is to *Iſ-ra-el*,
A Vow which *Jacobs* God did make full well.
5 With *Joſeph* this was made, when that he came
From *Egypt*, that his ſeed might do the ſame,
When God prepar'd to bring him from that land,
Whereas that ſpeech, he did not underſtand.
6 I from his ſhoulders, th' burden took away,
And ſet him free, from burning brick of clay.
7 When thou in grief, did'ſt call to me and cry,
I anſwer'd thee in thunder ſecretly:
At th' waters of diſcord, *I* did thee prove,
Whereas, Gods grace with mutt'ring thou didſt move.
8 Here O my folk, to you I'le teſtifie,
O *Iſrael* if thou'lt hearken unto me.
9 Thou'lt ſerve no ſtrange God, in the land abroad,
Nor ſhalt thou ſerve a ſtrange, or forrain God:
10 From *Egypt* I thy God did ſet thee free,
Then ask me much, and I will give it thee.
11 But my folk would not hearken to my voice,
Neither would *Iſ-ra-el* in me rejoyce.
12 So I them gave unto their luſts, and will,
And let them walk in their own counſel ſtill.

13 O that my folk had heard me all their dayes,
And *Iſ-ra-el* had walked in my wayes.
14 I ſoon ſhould have ſubdu'd their enemy,
And turn'd my hand 'gainſt their adverſary.
15 Who hate the Lord, ſubmit t' him ſhould be ſure,
And then they all, for ever ſhould endure.
16 He would them feed ev'n with the fineſt wheat,
And hony from the rock they all ſhould eat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

1 'MOngſt men of might the Lord our God doth ſtand
To plead the truth, with Judges of the Land.
2 How long will ye in wickedneſs proceed,
And eke accept of wicked men indeed?
3 The poor and fatherleſs do thou defend,
To th' needy, and afflicted juſtice ſend.
4 The poor and needy man do thou deliver,
And rid him from the wickeds hands for ever.
5 They nothing know, nor will they underſtand,
Th' in darkeneſs walk, no curſe is on the Land.
6 The Lords above, ye are ev'n Gods I've ſaid,
All of you are the Sons of your great aid.
7 But ye ſhall dye like men, and ſo decay,
I'le all of you deſtroy, and pluck away.
8 Up therefore Lord, judge th' world with all thy might
And eke all Nations take, as thine own right.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 O Lord my God, do not refrain thy tongue,
Hold not thy peace, nor ſilent be too long.
2 Behold thy foes, ſee how they rage and cry,
And thoſe that hate thee, hold their heads on high.
3 Thy folk 'gainſt they conſult and uſe deceit,
Eke for thy hidden ones they lie and wait.
4 They've ſaid from be-ing great, let's ſtroy the name;
That we no more may think on *Iſraels* Name.
5 For they've conſulted all with one conſent,
And eke 'gainſt thee their wickedneſs is bent.

6 The

6 The tents of *Edom*, and the *Ismalites*,
The *Hagarens*, and eke the *Moabites*.
7 *Gebal*, *Ammon*, and *Amalek* conspire,
Th' Philistines 'gainst thee rise, with those at *Tire*.
8 And *Asshur* eke, with them in league will be,
He'l also help *Lot*, and's posteritie.
9 As thou serv'dst th' *Midianites*, serve them each one,
As to *Siser*, *Jabin*, at th' brook *Kison*.
10 Whom thou in *Endor*, Lord, didst slay by night,
That they like dung lay open in thy sight.
11 Their Nobles make like *Oreb*, *Zeeb*, yea,
Their Lords as *Zebah*, and as *Zalmunna*.
12 Who said, let all of us, throughout the Land,
God's houses fair, receive into our hand.
13 Make them O God like wheeles that cannot stay,
Or like the chaff, which windes do blow away.
14 As fire that burns, the woods both far and nigh,
And eke as flames, that hills consume most high.
15 So let thy tempest, Lord, on them be laid,
And let thy windy storms make them afraid.
16 And eke their faces all fill full of shame,
That they O Lord may seek thy holy Name.
17 Let them be troubled all, for thee therefore,
Let them be put to shame for ever-more.
18 That men may know Gods Name *Jehovah* is,
That he's most high, and that the earth is his.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 O Lord how pleasant is thy dwelling place,
And eke the tabernacles of thy grace!
2 My soul doth long, Gods courts on high to see,
And for the living Lord my heart shall be.
3 The sparrows find out room, where they may rest,
And swallowes for their young do get a nest.
Thine Altar by, these birds may sit and sing,
O Lord of Hosts, thou art my God, and King.
4 Blessed are they, in house that dwell with thee,
They praising of thy Name shall ever be.

5 Who put their ſtrength in thee, bleſſed are they
In heart, who ſeek unto thine houſe the way.
6 Paſſing through *Ba-ca*'s vaile, they wells dig ſtill,
They look like ſprings, for thou their pits doſt fill.
7 From ſtrength to ſtrength they go, faintneſſe ſha'nt be,
The God of Gods in *Sion* they do ſee.
8 O Lord of Hoſts, heare me that to thee pray,
And *Jacobs* God, give ear to me alway.
9 O God our ſhield, behold us with thy grace,
And look upon thine own anointed's face.
10 I'le rather in thy courts, one day abide,
Then be elſewhere a thouſand dayes beſide.
I'de rather keep th' door of the houſe of God,
Than dwell in th' tents of wickedneſſe abroad.
11 For God will glory, grace, and worſhip give,
No good withhold, from thoſe that purely live.
12 O Lord of Hoſts, that man ſhall bleſſed be,
That wholly doth depend, and truſt in thee.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 LOrd thou'ſt been merciful unto thy land,
And thou haſt reſcu'd Jacobs ſeed from band.
2 Thy folks iniquitie, thou haſt forg'ven,
And thou haſt alſo covered their ſin.
3 Thou'ſt alſo took thy wrath moſt ſore away,
And thou from wrath, that is moſt fierce doſt ſtay.
4 God of our health, convert us all to thee,
And let thine anger ceaſe 'mongſt us to be.
5 Wilt thou be angry Lord, and not return?
And ſhall thy wrath, unto all ages burn?
6 Wilt not again, let us revived be,
That we thy people, may rejoyce in thee?
7 O Lord declare thy goodneſs in our wealth,
And be to us an aid, and ſaving health.
8 I'le heare the Lord, who to his Saints ſpeak peace,
That never they return to fooliſhneſſe.
9 His health to them that fear him, is at hand,
That they may dwell in glory in our land.

10 Mercy

10 Mercy, and truth, meet in one and th' ſame place,
Juſtice, and peace, each other do embrace.
11 Truth from the earth flouriſheth pleaſantly,
And righteouſneſs looks from the heavens high.
12 Yea God ſhall give you things moſt good, in peace,
And all our land ſhall yeild forth her increaſe.
13 Juſtice ſhall 'fore him go, like guide or ſtay,
His ſteps he'l keep, and lead them in the way.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 LOrd bow thine ear, for poor, and weak am I,
And needy eke, then liſten to my cry.
2 Preſerve my ſoule, Lord, for *I* holy be,
Thy ſervant ſave, who truſteth ſtill in thee.
3 Be merciſull to me Lord, for I cry
To thee, O Lord, my God unceſſantly.
4 Comfort thy ſervants ſoul, with pain that's pin'd,
For unto thee I lift my ſoul and mind.
5 For thou art good, thy gifts of grace are free,
Thy mercie's great to thoſe that call on thee.
6 Give ear, O Lord, when that to thee I pray,
And hearken to thy ſuppliant alway.
7 For in the day of trouble, upon thee
I'le call, for thou wilt quickly anſwer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like thee doth ſhine,
Nor are their works to be compar'd to thine.
9 The Gentiles, which thou didſt make and frame,
Shall worſhip thee, and glorifie thy Name:
10 For thou art great, all power is thine owne,
Thou wondrous things doſt, thou art God alone.
11 Teach me thy way, thy truth, I will walk meek,
Unite mine heart with fear thy Name to ſeek.
12 O Lord my God, my heart ſhall give thee praiſe,
And I will glorifie thy Name always.
13 Thy mercy ſhew'd to me, moſt great is it,
For thou'ſt delivered me from th' loweſt pit.
14 The proud againſt me riſe, with men of might,
They ſeek my ſoul, and have not thee in ſight.

15 But

15 But thou art meek, full slack and slow to wrath,
Long-suffering, thy truth no measure hath.
16 Turn to me, and strength to me apply,
Thy servant, and thy hand-maids son am *I*.
17 Some sign me shew, that all my foes may see,
And be asham'd, 'cause thou Lord comforts me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 GOds city is upon the holy hills,
2 *Sion* he loves, more then where *Jacob* dwells,
3 Glorious things are spoke of thee, abroad,
O city of the living Lord, our God.
4 On *Ra'ab* I'le look, and bear in mind the same,
And *Babilon* shall learn to know my Name.
Lo, *Philistine*, *Tire*, *E-thi-ope* likewise,
A folk long since were born, and there did rise.
5 'Twas said of *Sion*, divers men of fame,
Have there sprung up, and God doth stay the same.
6 When God the people counts, it shall appear,
That this man at the first did spring up there.
7 The trumpeters, and singers there shall be,
And all my springs are composed by thee.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 O Lord, thou God of my deliverie,
Both day and night, 'fore thee I oft do cry.
2 Lord let my prayer before thee oft appear,
And to my cry do thou incline thine ear.
3 For in my soul I grief and trouble have,
And eke my life doth draw nigh to the grave.
4 Like those that go to pit, I'm in thy sight,
And like a man that hath no strength, nor might:
5 Free 'mong the dead, like th' slain, that lie i'th' Land
Whom thou destroy'st, and cuttest from thine hand.
6 Yea, thou hast laid me in the lowest pit,
In darkness eke, and in the depths of it.
7 Upon me sore lyeth the wrath of thee,
With all thy waves thou'st much afflicted me.

8 Thou

8 Thou friends put'ſt from me, mak'ſt them hate me ſore,
I am ſhut up, and can come forth no more.
9 My ſight through grief me fails, I call thee God,
To thee always my hand I ſtretch abroad,
10 Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead always?
And ſhall the dead ariſe, and give thee praiſe?
11 Or ſhall thy kindneſs Lord be taught in grave?
With thoſe that dy, ſhall truth her honour have?
12 Shall they that lye in th' dark, thy wonders wot?
Thy juſtice eke, where all things are forgot?
13 But I O Lord to thee did call apace,
My pray'r ſhall early come before thy face.
14 O Lord, why caſteſt thou my ſoul from thee?
Why hideſt thou thy glorious face from me?
15 From my youth up, I'm griev'd, and like to dy,
I bear thy terrours, diſtracted am I.
16 Thy wrath moſt fierce doth heavy on me fall,
Thy terrours eke, do me oppreſſe withall.
17 They compaſſe me as waters at the tide,
And eke with ſtreams beſet me on each ſide.
18 Lover, and friend, far from me thou haſt put,
In darkneſs thou haſt mine acquaintance ſhut?

PSAL. LXXXIX.

1 THy mercies, Lord, to ſing I ne'er will ſpare,
With mouth *I* ever will thy truth declare.
2 *I* ſaid thy mercies ever ſhall remain,
Thy truth in heaven ſhall appear moſt plain.
3 God ſaith, with mine elect *I've* cov'nant made,
I've ſworn my Servant *David* to perſwade?
4 Thy ſeed *I'le* ſtay, and ſtabliſh it full faſt,
Thy throne I'le build, for ever it ſhall laſt.
5 The heavens ſhall thy wonders praiſe O Lord,
Thy Saints within thy Church thy faith record.
6 Who's like the Lord in all the clouds abroad?
'Mong Sons of men, what one is like our God?
7 God 'mong his Saints, is greatly to be dread,
Of all 'bout him in terrour to be had.

8 Lord

8 Lord God of Hosts, what one is like to thee?
On ev'ry side, thy truth is seen to be?
6 The raging Sea, thou rulest at thy will,
The waves thereof that rise thou makest still,
10 *Rahab* in peices, as one slain thou'st broke,
And from thine arm comes enemies dead stroke.
11 Heaven is thine, thine is the earth also,
The world thou found'st, that all things should thee know.
12 Both north and south, O Lord, thou mad'st the same,
Tabor, *Hermon*, rejoyce shall in thy Name.
13 Thine arm is mighty powerfull, through th' land,
Thou art most high, and strong is thy right hand.
14 Justice, and judgement, do thy throne embrace,
Mercy, and truth, advance before thy face.
15 The joyfull sound that know, blest is the folk,
For such O Lord, shall in thy favour walk.
16 Such in thy name rejoyce shall all the day,
Thy justice in exalted be shall they.
17 For why? their glory, strength in thee doth ly,
Thy favour in, thou'lt lift our horns on high.
11 For God the Lord defence to us doth bring,
The Holy one of *Israel* is our King.
19 Thy will to Saints, in visions thou didst show,
Thou told'st thy mind to them, that they might know:
A man of might I've chose your King to be,
And set him up, among the folk for me.
20 My servant *David* I have searched out,
I him anoint King over all the rout.
21 With whom my hand shall aid, and eke remain,
Mine arm also with strength shall him sustain,
22 His enemies they shall not him devour,
Nor Sons of wickedness, o're him have pow'r.
23 Before his face I will beat down his foes,
That hate him without cause, I'le plague all those.
24 My mercy, and my truth, in him shall lie,
And in my Name I'le lift his horns on high.
25 I'le set his kingdom o're both sea and land,
He shall embrace the flood with his right hand.

26 He ſhall depend on me, and thus ſhall ſay,
Thou art my fathers God, and eke my ſtay.
27 I'le make him my firſt-born on earth, that ſprings,
His might I'le make above all earthly Kings.
28 My mercy I will keep for him in ſtore,
And eke my covenant for evermore.
29 His ſeed I'le alſo make t'endure alwayes,
And eke his throne to laſt as heavens dayes.
30 *If* 's Sons my Law, and judgements in w'ont ſtay,
31 My Statutes, and Commandments if breake they,
32 Then with a rod their ſins viſit will I,
With ſtripes them ſcourge for their iniquity.
33 Yet I'le not quite, my kindneſs from him take,
Nor ſhall my faithfulneſs him ere forſake.
34 I will in no wiſe break my covenant,
Nor will I change, that from my lips hath went.
35 Once by my holyneſs now ſworn have I,
I made to *David* promiſe, I'le not lie:
36 His ſeed for ever ſhall endure, and be,
And eke his throne, ev'n as the Sun 'fore me.
37 And as the moon for ever ſtandeth faſt,
As witneſſe true, ſo ſhall his kingdom laſt.
38 But thou doſt now caſt off, and eke reject,
Thou'rt wroth with thine anointed, and elect.
39 Thy ſervants now thou'ſt quite undone, took down
Unto the ground alſo, his Royall Crown.
40 Thou pluck'ſt his legs up, him to confound,
And thou haſt brought his ſtrong holds to the ground.
41 He's ſpoil'd by all that paſs that way throughout,
He's made a ſcorn to neighbours all about,
42 'Gainſt him that are, 'bove him thou'ſt ſet all thoſe;
O're him rejoyce thou haſt made all his foes.
43 Thou'ſt made his ſword blunt, that ſhould foes withſtand
To him in war, thou giv'ſt no upper hand.
44 Thou'ſt made his glory ceaſe the world quite round,
And thou haſt caſt his throne down to the ground.
45 Thou haſt much ſhortened his youth, and Name,
And eke, thou haſt him covered with ſhame.

46 How long Lord, wilt thy ſelf hide? wilt ne're turn?
Still ſhall thy wrath like fire againſt me burn?
47 Remember thou my time conſumeth faſt,
Why mad'ſt thou men like things moſt vain to waſte?
48 What man, death ſore his eyes ſhall never have?
Shall he his ſoul deliver from the grave?
49 Thy loving kindneſſes O Lord where are?
Which in thy truth, to *David* thou did'ſt ſware?
50 Remember what doth on thy ſervant ly,
Th' reproach of folk, born in my breſt have I.
51 Wherewith thy foes O Lord blaſpheme thy Name,
Th' anointeds ſteps they ceaſe not to deſame.
52 Bleſſed be God, both now, and eke alway,
Prais'd be his Name. Amen, Amen, I ſay.

PSAL. XC.

1 LOrd, thou haſt been our ſure defence, and reſt,
So long time paſt as cannot be expreſt.
2 E're mountains were, or earth, or world abroad,
From age to age, for ever thou art God.
3 Thou grindeſt man like duſt, or clay, and then
Thus do'ſt thou ſay, Return ye ſons of men.
4 For many yeers, as now are in thy ſight,
When it is paſt, 'tis as th' watch of the night.
5 When thou them ſcattereſt, as ſleep's their trade,
And like the graſs, whoſe beauty ſoon doth fade.
6 It ſprings in th' morn, and groweth preſently,
At noon 'tis cut quite down, and waxeth dry.
7 For through thy wrath, our might is much decay'd,
And of thy wrath we are full ſore afraid.
8 Thou'ſt ſet our iniquities in thy ſight,
Our ſecret ſins are in thy favours light.
9 Thy wrath us kils, thereof doth nonght remain,
Our years conſume, and can't be cal'd again.
10 Full threeſcore years and ten, we live on mold,
Who ſees four ſcore, is counted wondrous old.
And yet the ſtrength, the which we look upon,
Is nought, but grief, for they as blaſts are gon.

11 Who

11 Who once doth know, what power thine anger hath,
And feareth thee, according to thy wrath.
12 Lord teach us, while on earth we do remain,
T'apply our heart ev'n wiſdom to attain.
13 Return O Lord, how long wilt in wrath proceed?
Thy Servant favour ſhew, help him at need.
14 O fill us early with thy truth always,
That we may much rejoyce ev'n all our days.
15 Thou haſt us plagu'd, but now Lord make us glad,
For all the years that we have trouble had.
16 Thy work, let to thy ſervant Lord appear,
And eke thy glory to their children dear.
17 Thy grace let ſtand upon thy ſervants thus,
And what we take in hand, proſper to us.

PSAL XCI.

1 HE that in ſecret place dwells of th' moſt high,
Shall 'bide under his wings eternally.
2 I'le ſay of God, he is my 'fence moſt juſt,
My fortreſſe eke, for in him I do truſt.
3 Sure from the fowler he ſhall be thy 'ſence,
And alſo from the noiſom peſtilence
4 His wings thee'l ſave, and keep thee ſafely there;
His truth ſhall be thy 'fence, inſtead of ſpear.
5 Thou ſhalt in no wiſe fear, nor be affright
Of ſhafts that flee by day, or elſe by night.
6 Nor of the plague that walks in dark ſo faſt,
Nor yet of that, which at noon-day doth waſte.
7 Ten thouſand at thy ſide deſtroy'd ſhall be,
But there no harm at all ſhall come to thee.
8 Thou ſhalt behold it onely with thine eye,
And ſee th' reward of thoſe act wickedly.
9 Becauſe thou'ſt made the Lord thy refuge be,
And truſts in him, thy ſure defence is he.
10 There ſhall no evil fall upon thy face,
Nor ſhall the plague come nigh thy dwelling place,
11 For he will give his angells charge o're thee,
In all thy ways they ſhall thy keepers be.

12 They

12 They ſhall thee bear, even their hands upon,
Leſt that thou daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone:
13 On Lyons, and on Adders eke thou'ſt tread,
Dragons thou ſhalt, under thy feet lay dead:
14 Becauſe he e're hath ſet his love on me,
I'le him protect, my Name aright knows he.
15 When he for help doth cry, I'le anſwer give,
Him take from grief, in honour he ſhall live.
16 With long life, I him e're will ſatisfie,
And ſhew him my ſalvation from on high.

PSAL. XCII.

1 'TIs good to give thanks to the Lord, our King,
And to his holy Name all praiſes ſing.
2 To ſhew in morn, thy loving kindneſs bright,
And eke thy faithfulneſs in ev'ry night.
3 Upon ten ſtringed inſtruments moſt ſweet,
With all the mirth you can invent moſt meet.
4 For through thy works, thou Lord haſt made me glad,
I will triumph in th' works thine hand hath made.
5 Thy works are great, thy thoughts are deep alſo,
6 A brutiſh man of this doth nothing know.
7 When wicked men, as graſs do ſpring up faſt,
They, when they flouriſh, ever ſhall be waſte.
8 But thou'rt moſt high, and thou doſt reign therefore,
In ev'ry place, both now, and evermore.
9 Behold, O Lord, behold, thy foes I ſay,
How all that ſin ſhall periſh, and decay,
10 Like th' Unicorn thou ſhalt my horns liſt high,
With oile moſt freſh, anointed be ſhall *I*.
11 The wiſh upon my foes mine eyes ſhall ſee,
Mine ears ſhall hear thoſe, that do riſe 'gainſt me.
12 The righteous flouriſh ſhall like the Palm Tree,
Like Cedars eke, in *Lebanon* that be.
13 Thoſe that are planted in the Courts of God,
They ſpring apace, and flouriſh all abroad.
14 They ſtill in their old age, forth fruit ſhould bring,
They ſhall be fat, and alſo flouriſhing.

15 To

15 To ſhew that God upright is in his will,
He is my rock, in him there is none ill.

PSAL. XCIII.

1 THe Lord doth reign with glory goodly dight,
To ſhew his ſtrength, he'th girt himſelf with might.
The earth he'th made, and ſhaped it ſo ſure,
Nought can it move, it firmly doth endure.
2 The world was made, thy ſeat was ſet before,
In time of old, thou haſt been ever-more.
3 The Floods, O Lord, the Floods do make a noiſe,
The Floods I ſay, have lifted up their voyce.
4 The Lord is mightier than th' waters, yea,
He makes a greater noiſe than th' waves of th' Sea.
5 Thy Teſtimonies are moſt ſure alway,
And truth becomes thine houſe, O Lord, for ay.

PSAL. XCIV.

1 O Lord, to whom all vengeance doth belong,
Shew forth thy ſelf moſt valiant, and moſt ſtrong.
2 Shew forth thy ſelf, for thou the earth doſt guide,
Reward the proud according to their pride.
3 How long ſhall wicked bear the ſway in voyce?
How long ſhall they thus triumph and rejoyce?
4 How long, O Lord, ſhall th' wicked take their fill,
Shall they rejoyce, whoſe workes are ever ill?
5 Thy Flock, and Heritage, they vex full ſore;
Againſt thy folk they rage, ſtill more and more.
6 To Slay the Widdows, Lord, they do not ceaſe,
And ſtill they do deſtroy the fatherleſſe.
7 Yet ſay they, God ſhall not our deeds eſpie,
Neither ſhall *Jacobs* God this thing once eye.
8 Ye brutiſh men, ſome knowledge learn, ariſe,
And eke ye fools, when will ye once be wiſe?
9 He that the ear doth plant, hear ſhall not hee?
And he that forms the eye, ſhall he not ſee?
10 Who ſcourge the Heathen, ſhall not he puniſh too?
Who knowledge teacheth, ſhall he not eke know?

11 The thoughts of man are known, by God on high,
That they are all corrupt, and vanity.
12 That man is bleſt, whom thou doſt keep in aw,
And through chaſtiſement, teach him in thy law.
13 Whereby he ſhall, in trouble quiet ſit,
When wicked men ſhall fall into the pit.
14 For God will not refuſe, his folk to take,
His heritage, he will no time forſake.
15 But judgement ſhall to righteouſneſs convert,
Thoſe follow't ſhall, that are upright in heart.
16 Who will ariſe 'gainſt evill doers with me,
And ſtand 'gainſt th' workers of iniquitie?
17 Unleſs the Lord had been my rock and 'fence,
My ſoul, it had almoſt dwelt in ſilence.
18 When *I* did ſay, I am now like to fall,
Thou did'ſt provide to ſtay me up withall.
19 *I*'th' multitude of thoughts, within my mind,
Thy comforts, do delight my ſoul I find.
20 Wilt thou draw nigh, with wicked men to ſit,
Inſtead of law, which miſchief ſtill commit.
21 For they conſult againſt the men moſt good,
In counſels, and conſult 'gainſt guiltleſs blood.
22 But yet the Lord is my defence, and lock,
He is my God, my ſtrength, and eke my rock.
23 He'ſt cauſe their miſchiefs, themſelves to annoy,
They'l fall in malice; God ſhall them deſtroy.

PSAL. XCV.

1 O Come unto the Lord, and let us ſing,
Let's make a joyfull noiſe unto our King.
2 Yea, let us come, and to the Lord give praiſe,
In ſinging Pſalms, let us rejoyce alwayes.
3 For why? the Lord's a great and mighty God;
A King above all Gods, i'th' world abroad.
4 His are the ſecret places of the Land,
The ſtrength of Hills he alſo hath in's hand.
5 The Sea is his, for he the ſame hath wrought,
And eke the earth he framed out of nought.

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6 O come, and lets worſhip the Lord therefore,
And let's bow down to God for evermore.
7 For he's our God, for us he doth provide,
We are his flock, he feeds us, he's our guide.
8 To day if ye'l hear, harden not your heart,
As i'th grudging day, ye did i'th' deſert.
9 Your fathers tempted me, me for to prove,
My works they ſaw, yet they did ſtill me move.
10 Twice twenty years they griev'd me, I did ſay,
They erre in heart, they have not known my way.
11 Wherefore I kindled wrath 'gainſt them in breſt,
And ſware they ſhould not come into my reſt.

PSAL. XCVI.

1 O Sing unto the Lord, a Song moſt new,
Sing to the Lord on earth that is moſt true.
2 Yea, ſing to God, and to his holy Name,
Shew forth alway, Salvation by the ſame.
3 'Mong Heathen ſpeak his honour round about,
His wonders ſhew, ev'n all the world throughout:
4 The Lord is great, we ſhould him greatly praiſe,
He's to be fear'd 'bove all the Gods alwayes.
5 For Heathens Gods are Idols, that will fade,
But yet our God, the heathen he hath made.
6 All praiſe ſhall dwell for ay, before his face,
Strength ſhall excell within his holy place.
7 All folk give thanks, unto the Lord alway,
With might aſcribe, unto the Lord, I ſay.
8 Give glory, due to Gods moſt holy Name,
Go to his Courts, with gifts unto the ſame.
9 worſhip the Lord, within his Temple bright,
Let all the folk be fearfull at his ſight.
10 Tell all the world, the Lord doth reign above,
He'th ſet the earth ſo faſt, it cannot move.
And that 'tis he, that rules with princely might,
To judge the folk with equity, and right.
11 The Heavens, and the earth ſhall much rejoyce,
The Sea, and all therein ſhall make a noiſe.

12 The field ſhall joy, with all things on the earth,
The Woods, and ev'ry Tree, ſhall ſing with mirth.
13 Before Gods face, and coming of his might,
When he ſhall judge, and rule his folk aright.

PSAL. XCVII.

1 THe Lord doth reign, let all the earth rejoyce,
Let multitudes of Iſles him praiſe in voyce.
2 Darkneſs, and Clouds, are round about him gone,
Juſtice, and judgement, dwell about his throne.
3 A fire before him goes, the World throughout,
And burneth up his foes, ev'n round about.
4 His ligh-te-nings did to the world appear;
Whereat the earth did look, and deadly fear.
5 The Hills, like wax, do melt ev'n at Gods ſight,
Ev'n at the preſence of the Lord moſt bright.
6 The Heavens ſhew his juſtice all abroad,
That all may know the glory of our God.
7 Shame ſure will come on thoſe, ſerve Idols vain,
On thoſe that love dumb Pictures to maintain.
8 *Sion* heard, glad was, *Juda* did rejoyce,
'Cauſe of thy judgements, they've ſet forth their voyce.
9 For thou art high, in all the earth abroad,
And art exalted 'bove all other God.
10 All that fear God, hate all things that are ill,
He ſaves his Saints, from ſuch, as would them ſpill.
11 The light is ſown, ev'n for the juſt mans part,
Gladneſs, and mirth, for the upright in heart.
12 Ye juſt, in Gods great holineſs rejoyce,
Be thankfull to him, both in heart and voyce.

PSAL. XCVIII.

1 O Sing to God, a new and pleaſant Song,
For he hath wrought his wonders, great and ſtrong.
With his right hand, he doth his foes devour,
And victory get with his arm and pow'r.
2 The Lord makes known his ſaving health and might,
He ſhews his juſtice in the Heathens ſight,

3 To *Israel*, truth in mind he doth record,
All earth hath ſeen the goodneſs of the Lord.
4 A joyfull noiſe, make to the Lord alwayes,
In him rejoyce, and eke to him give praiſe.
5 Play on the Harp, and Pſalms unto him ſing;
6 With Trumpets eke, rejoyce before our King.
7 Yea, let the Sea, for joy, both roar and ſwell,
And eke the earth withall, therein that dwell.
8 Let floods rejoyce, and clap their hands apace;
The Mountains eke, before the Lord his face.
9 He'l come to judge the World, and ev'ry wight,
And rule the folk, with juſtice, and with right.

PSAL. XCIX.

1 THe Lord doth reign, though folk do rage full ſore,
He ſits on Cherubs, though the world doth roar.
2 God's high, 'bove all, in *Sion* is his ſeat.
3 He's holy, let all praiſe his Name moſt great.
4 Th' Kings ſtrength loves judgement, equity, and right,
Which he in *Jacob* executes with might.
5 Exalt then God, th' Lord, for he's moſt holy;
Before his foot-ſtool, worſhip all lowly.
6 *Moſes*, *Aaron*, were 'mong his Prieſts, and eke
Samuel 'mong thoſe, that to his Name did ſeek.
7 They call'd, God heard, and from Clouds Pillars ſpake,
They kept his Statutes, nor his Ordnance brake.
8 Thou anſwredſt them, O Lord, and them forgave,
Though vengeance on their follies thou would'ſt have.
9 Exalt our God, him worſhip at his hill,
For he moſt holy is, in all his will.

PSAL. C.

1 ALL Lands make joyfull noiſe, 'fore God rejoyce:
2 Him ſerve with gladneſs, and with pleaſant voyce.
3 Know th' Lord, is God, 'tis he that hath us made,
Not we our ſelves, we's ſheep are, he's our aid.
4 Enter his Gates with praiſe, his Courts with th' ſame,
Be thankfull to him, bleſſe his holy Name.

5 For God's moſt good, his mercy doth endure,
His truth unto all ages, is moſt ſure.

PSAL. CI.

1 MErcy and judgement eke I'le ſing to thee,
2 I'le wiſely do, untill thou come to me.
3 My heart ſhall walk within my houſe in light,
I'le ſet no wicked thing before my ſight.
4 Who falls, I hate, they ſhall not cleave to me,
Ill hearts ſhall from me part, no ill I'le ſee.
5 I'le ſlay him, that's friend ſland'reth privily,
Th' proud heart, I'le hate, and him that looketh high.
6 Mine eyes on th' faithfull of the Land ſhall ſtay;
He me ſhall ſerve, that walkes in perfect way.
7 He that deceives, in my houſe, ſhall not dwell,
Nor ſhall he oft ſee me, that lies doth tell.
8 The wicked of the Land, ſoon ſlay will I,
Ill doers eke, from th' City of th' moſt high.

PSAL. CII.

1 MY prayer hear, Lord, my cry let come to thee.
2 In troubled times, hide not thy face from me.
3 Incline thine ear to me, hear when I call,
A ſmoake conſumes, as th' herb doth fade, I fall,
4 My heart like graſs, is ſcorcht, and withered
So ſore, that I forget to eat my bread.
5 With groanings ſore, my bones cleave to my ſkin;
6 As deſerts Pelican, ſuch caſe I'm in.
7 As ſparrow 'lone on houſe, ſo watch do I,
8 'Gainſt me, is ſworn, my raging enemy.
9 For I have aſhes eat, inſtead of bread,
And with my drink, my tears have mingled.
10 'Cauſe of thine indignation, and thy frown,
For thou'ſt me lifted up, and caſt me down:
11 Like ſhadow that declines, my dayes do paſs,
And I my ſelf, like to the with'red graſs.
12 But thou O Lord, for ever ſhalt indure,
Unto all Generations, firm and ſure.

13 Thou

13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and *Sion* mercy ſhow,
For th'time, to ſhew her favours, is come now.
14 For in her ſtones, thy ſervants pleaſure take,
Favours her duſt, Lord, do not her forſake.
15 The heathens then, O Lord, thy Name ſhall fear,
Thy glory ring, through kingdomes, far and near.
16 When God ſhall *Sion* build, appear ſhall he,
In glory great, and magnanimitie.
17 Th' prayer of the deſtitute he will regard,
Not them diſpiſe, but give them due reward.
18 For future age, this ſhall be writ alwayes,
That thoſe here-after born, may give thee praiſe:
19 For he look't down ev'n from his holy place,
Beholding earth, with's moſt glorious face.
20 To hear the groans of thoſe, that pris'ners are,
And thoſe that were condemn'd to die, to ſpare.
21 Mount *Sion* in, for to declare Gods Name,
And in *Jeruſalem*, advance his fame.
22 When people gath'red are, both far, and near,
To ſerve the Lord, and in his Courts appear.
23 My former ſtrength he weakned, in the way,
My dayes he ſhor-te-ned: Thus *I* did ſay,
24 Midſt of my dayes, away Lord, take not me,
Thy years, throughout all generations be.
25 Of old, thou'ſt laid th' foundations of the Land,
The heavens are the workes of thine own hand.
26 They periſh ſhall, but thou ſhalt ſtill indure,
They ſhall wax old, and change like a veſture.
27 But thou'rt the ſame, thy years for ay ſhall be,
28 Thy ſervants ſons, ſhall daily ſtand 'fore thee.

PSAL. CIII.

1 SOul bleſs the Lord, bleſs thou his holy Name,
And all within me do likewiſe the ſame.
2 Still bleſſe the Lord, my ſoul ne'er ceaſe to be,
Mindfull of him, who ſtill takes care of thee.

3 Who gave thee pardon for thy faults, who ſtill
Makes well thy pain, and ſickneſs at his will.
4 Who doth redeem thy life from death, and who
Doth tender mercies daily to thee ſhew.
5 Who feeds thee with good things, ſo that thy youth,
Like as the Eagles, ſo he ſtill renew'th.
6 The Lord with juſtice, executeth thoſe,
Who are not friends unto his Saints, but foes.
7 The Lord to *Moſes*, did his wayes declare,
His acts, unto the *Iſralites* lay bare.
8 The Lord is mercifull, though we him grieve,
*Slow*eſt to wrath, and quickeſt to forgive.
9 He will not alwayes chide, nor will he cauſe,
His wrath, both now, and ever-more to pauſe.
10 Nor yet according to our ſins, hath he
Rewarded us, but in a higher degree:
11 As far as 'tis 'twixt earth, and heaven above,
Such is his mercy to us, ſuch his love.
12 Such ſpace as 'tis 'twixt Eaſt and Weſt, ſuch he
Removes from us, both ſin and miſerie.
13 Like as a Father loveth Children dear,
So doth the Lord, if we him truly fear.
14 The Lord that made us, knows our faſhion juſt,
How weak we are, and how we are but duſt.
15 And how the dayes of man are few; for they,
Like as a flower, quickly fade away.
16 Whoſe gloſs, and beauty, ſtormy windes diſgrace,
And make it looſe the ſweetneſs of that place.
17 But yet the Lord, his Saints will ever love,
Their Children ſhall be bleſſed from above.
18 To ſuch as keep his Covenant, and do
His Will, and his Commandement alſo.
19 The Heaven is the footſtool of the Lord,
The Earth he ruleth, both by pow'r and word.
20 Ye Angels great in pow'r, praiſe ye the Lord,
Which to obey, and do his will accord.
21 Ye Noble Hoſts, and Miniſters, ſtrive ſtill
To execute his pleaſure, and his will.

22 Yea

22 Yea, all his works, praiſe ye his holy Name,
In ev'ry place, ſoul do likewiſe the ſame.

PSAL. CIV.

1 BLeſs God my ſoul, O Lord thou art moſt high,
With honour thou art clad, and Majeſty.
2 Who as a Garment, cloathes thy ſelf with light,
Who ſtretcheſt out the Skies, like Curtaines bright.
3 Whoſe Chamber beams do lie in waters low,
Who makes Clouds Charrets, rides on wings that blow.
4 Who Angels Spirits makes, Miniſters a flame;
5 Who laid the Earth, that none can move the ſame.
6 As with a garment, thou'ſt it cloth'd with th' deep,
Thou'ſt made the waters 'bove the Mountains keep.
7 At thy rebuke they fled, there none would ſtay,
From th' thunders voyce they haſted all away.
8 They go by Hills, by Vales their way they take,
They go to th' place, which thou for them did'ſt make.
9 Thou'ſt made a bound, that they o're't may not paſs,
That they turn not again, to cover th' graſs.
10 He ſends the ſprings into the ſtreams, moſt ſtrong,
Which runs the Mountaines, and the Hills among.
11 They drink do give to each beaſt of the field,
The Aſſes quench their thirſt, which are moſt wilde.
12 The dwelling place of fowls, eke by them are,
Which 'mong the branches green, do ſing moſt rare.
13 The Hils, eke from his Chambers, watreth he,
All earth's fill'd with thy works which they do ſee.
14 For beaſt, he graſs; for man, he herb doth ſow;
That he may food 'cauſe from the earth to grow.
15 And that which makes mans heart glad, namely wine,
And oil, to cauſe the face of man to ſhine.
16 Gods Trees are full of Sap, they nothing want,
Lebanons Cedars, there the Lord did plant.
17 Where birds for ſafety go, and make their neſts,
For th' Stork th' Fir-tree, her houſe is, there ſhe reſts.
18 Th' Hills for th' wilde Goates, a refuge is moſt high,
Rocks are for Conies, that they there may lie.

19 For

19 For Seaſons, he appointed hath the Moon,
The Sun knowes when ris up, t'muſt go down ſoon.
20 When it is night, thou makeſt darkneſſe ſleep,
Wherein all beaſts, out of the Forreſts creep.
21 The Lyons young, do roar after their prey,
From God the Lord, they ſeek their meat alway.
22 The Sun doth riſe, they get together then,
And preſently they couch down in their Den.
23 Man goeth forth, unto his work full ſoon,
And to his labour, there he ſtayes till noon.
24 In Wiſdom Lord, thy works each one thou'ſt wrought,
Thy Riches on the earth, are paſt mans thought.
25 So is the great wide Sea, wherein are all
Unſpeakable things creeping, large, and ſmall.
26 The Ships go there, th' *Leviathan* eke *I* lay,
Whom thou haſt given leave, therein to play.
27 Theſe all on thee do wait, O Lord, that live;
That in due time, thou meat to them maiſt give.
28 That thou them giv'ſt, they gather ſi om the Land,
They'r fil'd with good, when thou openeſt thine hand.
29 Thou hides thy face, they troubled are, and mourn,
Thou tak'ſt their breath, and they to duſt return.
30 Thou ſends thy ſpirit forth, they new-born are,
Thou doſt renew the earth, that was moſt bare.
31 For evermore, Gods Glory ſhall indure,
He ſhall reioyce in's works, that are moſt pure.
32 The earth trembleth, when he on it doth look,
The Hills he toucheth, inſtantly they ſhook.
33 Whil'ſt that I live, unto the Lord I'le ſing,
And whil'ſt *I* be, I'le praiſe give to my King.
34 My Meditation on him, ſhall be ſweet,
I'le glad be in him, he's my help moſt meet.
35 Sinners deſtroy, ill men let be no more;
Bleſs thou the Lord, my ſoul praiſe him therefore.

PSAL CV.

1 GIve thanks to God, upon his Name eke call,
Make know his deeds, 'mong people great and ſmall.

2 Unto

2 Unto the Lord our God, high Pſalmes eke ſing,
Talke of the wondrous works, ev'n of our King.
3 Glory in God, and in his holy Name,
Let th' heart rejoyce, that ſeeks to do the ſame.
4 Seek God, the Lord his ſtrength, and aid therefore,
Yea, ſeek his face both now, and evermore.
5 His wondrous works, let ſtill be in your heart;
Nor let his judgements from your mind depart.
6 Ye Seed of Gods own Servant, *Abraham*;
Ye *Jacobs* Sons, Gods choſen do the ſame.
7 He is our Lord, our ſtrength, our aid, our God,
His Judgements are, in all the earth abroad.
8 The Covenant, which he to his hath made,
He hath perform'd, according as he ſaid.
9 Which Covenant, he made to *Abraham*,
His Oath, he made with *Iſa-ac* by Name.
10 It ſtood for Law, That *Jacob* might obey,
For Covenant to *Iſ-ra-el* for ay.
11 Say-ing th' Land *Ca-na-an*, to thee *I*'le give,
Th' Lot of thine Heritage, wherein thou'ſt live.
12 When they were but a few, in number, men,
Yea, very few, and ſtrangers in it then.
13 When they from one place, to others did walk,
One Kingdom from, unto an other folk:
14 He would have none, ever them ill to make;
But he reproved Kings, ev'n for their ſake.
15 Say-ing, touch not him, whom my King I've made;
And to my Prophets, do no harm, he ſaid.
16 Moreover, he a famine cal'd on th' land,
The ſtaff of bread he brake, by his ſtrong hand.
17 A man 'fore them he ſent, *Joſeph* by Name,
He ſold, for ſervant was, by doing the ſame.
18 Whoſe feet they hurt with fetters, them upon
On him alſo they even laid iron;
19 Untill the very time that came his Word;
The Word it tried him, ev'n of the Lord.
20 The King he ſent him looſe, alſo did he,
Even the peoples Ruler, ſet him free.

21 Lord

21 Lord, over all his houſe, eke he him made,
Ruler o're all his ſubſtance he was ſaid.
22 His Princes eke, he might at pleaſure bind;
Shew's Senators, how they ſhould wiſdom find.
23 *Iſ-ra-el* alſo into *Ægypt* came,
And *Jacob*, ſojourn'd in the land of *Ham*.
24 He eke his people, did much multiply,
And made them ſtronger than their enemy.
25 To hate his people, eke he turn'd their mind,
And eke to deal with's Servants, moſt unkind.
26 *Moſes* he ſent, his love to them he ſhows,
And *Aaron* eke, his Servant whom he choſe.
27 His ſignes, he likewiſe ſhewed unto them,
His wonders alſo in the Land of *Ham*.
28 Darkneſs he ſent, he there made darkneſs dwell,
Againſt his word, they did not yet rebell.
29 Th' waters he turn'd to blood, the fiſh he ſlew;
30 Frogs did deſtroy the Land, in Princes view.
31 He ſpake, and divers ſorts of flies appear,
And lice in all their coaſts, both far and near.
32 He gave them rain for hail, and in their Land,
The flames were mingled, all at his Command.
33 Fig-trees and Vines he ſmote with his great hoſts,
And brake the trees that were in all their coaſts.
34 He ſpake, and Locuſts ev'ry where abound,
35 And Cater-pillars eat th' fruit of the ground:
36 He alſo ſmote, and eke diſtroy'd at length,
The firſt-born in their Land, chief of their ſtrength.
37 He brought them forth, with riches them among,
All men amongſt their tribes, were very ſtrong.
38 *Egypt* was glad, when they did thence depart,
For th' fear of them did fall upon their heart.
39 Cloud for a covering, he ſpread by day,
And fire by night, to guide them in the way.
40 They aſk't, he brought them quails; and eke them fed,
With Manna, Angells food, the heav'nly bread.
41 He op'ned th' rock, then waters forth did flow,
In places dry, there he did wonders ſhow.

42 Ev'n for his holy promiſe thought upon,
To *Abram* made, full many years agone.
43 And ſo brought forth his people, with much joy,
And them ſet free from thoſe, did them annoy.
44 The Heathens Lands, he gave them to poſſeſſe,
The peoples labours, that did them oppreſſe.
45 That they his Statutes might obſerve alwayes,
And keep his Laws, the Lord ſee that ye praiſe.

PSAL. CVI.

1 GIve thanks unto the Lord, and eke him praiſe,
For he is good, his mercy laſts alwayes.
2 Who utter can the mighty works of God?
Who can ſhew forth his praiſes all abroad?
3 Who judgement keeps, God ever them doth bleſs,
And him, who doth at all times righteouſneſs.
4 As thou thy folk lov'ſt, ſo love me, *I* pray,
With thy Salvation, viſit me alway.
5 That I th' good of thy choſen ones may ſee,
And may rejoyce in their felicitie.
6 Our Fathers with, we have done wickedly,
With them we have commit iniquity.
7 In *Egypt* they, thy wonders learned not,
The number of thy mercies, they forgot.
8 Nevertheleſſe he ſav'd them, for's name ſake,
That he, his mighty power known might make.
9 Th' red Sea he eke rebuk't, and up it dri'd,
As deſerts through, through depths he did them guide;
10 And ſav'd them from the hand of their great foe,
And ſet them free, from enemies alſo.
11 The waters covered their foes each one,
And of their enemies there was left none.
12 Then they beleev'd his word, and ſang his praiſe;
13 They ſoon forgot his workes, and eke his wayes.
14 They luſted very much, i'th' Wilderneſs;
In deſert place they tempted God no leſs.
15 And God them gave, what they did then requeſt,
Leanneſs he ſent into their inward breſt.

16 They

16 They *Moſes* eke, in Camp did much deſpite,
And *A-a-ron*, in whom God took delight.
17 Th' earth opened, and *Dathan* did devour,
Abirams troop it covered each hour.
18 A fire their company, in kindled then,
The flame thereof conſum'd the wicked men.
19 A Calf in *Horeb*, for themſelves they made,
The molten Image eke, they worſhipped.
20 Their honour eke, and glory thus chang'd they,
Like Ox that graſs, like Horſe that eateth hay:
21 They quite forgot their God, and holy King,
Which had in *Egypt* done a wondrous thing.
22 Won-de-rous works in Land of *Ham* did he,
Things dreadfull to be known, ev'n by th' red Sea.
23 Therefore, 'cauſe they themſelves ſhew ſo unkind,
Them to deſtroy, he purpos'd in his mind.
Had not his choſen *Moſes* ſtood i'th' way,
To ceaſe his wrath, leſt that he ſhould them ſlay.
24 Yea, they did all his pleaſant Land deſpiſe,
Believ'd his word, not, and did ill deviſe.
25 I'th tents they murmured, th' did not rejoyce,
Nor did they hearken to their Saviours voyce.
26 Therefore 'gainſt them he lifted up his hand,
Them to deſtroy, e're they could ſee that Land.
27 'Mong Nations eke, to ſlay their ſeed with's ſword,
And eke, to ſcatter them, through Lands abroad.
28 To *Ba-al-peor* eke they join'd their head,
And ate the ſacrifices of the dead.
29 Thus they to anger daily him provoke,
Which makes him plague them with his heavy ſtroke.
30 Then ſtood up *Phi-ne-as*, who did the deed,
And ſo the plague was ſtaid, the people freed.
31 For good, that counted was to him therefore,
All generations to, for evermore.
32 They alſo angred him, of ſtriſe at th' Well,
That for their ſakes, with *Moſes* it went ill.
33 Becauſe, they him provok't, into a heat,
He ſpake by roat, his fervor was ſo great.

34 They did not kill the Nations, nor that Land,
Concerning whom the Lord did them command:
35 But were 'mongſt heathen, and their works did learn;
36 They ſerv'd a ſnare, yet could they not diſcern.
37 Both they, and eke their ſons, did act much evill,
They ſacrific'd their daughters to the Devil.
38 Yea, moſt unkindly guiltleſs blood they ſpilt,
Their childrens blood, without all cauſe of guilt.
Whom they to *Canaan* gave, with wicked hand,
And ſo with blood, polluted all the land.
39 Thus they, with their own works were ſpoil'd, and went
A whoring after what they could invent.
40 Gods wrath was kindled, 'gainſt his folk therefore,
For his own heritage, he did abhor.
41 And he them gave into the Heathens hand,
Who them did hate, o're them had great command:
42 They were oppreſſed, by their deadly foe,
And brought under ſubjection alſo.
43 They ſtill provok't, he oft-times ſet them free,
But were brought low, for their iniquitie.
44 Yet when they were in much extremity,
He them regarded, and did hear their cry:
45 He call'd to minde, what he to them had ſwore;
And he, for them, repented much therefore.
46 He alſo thoſe, to pitty them, made glad,
That carried them, when they were captives led.
47 Save us O Lord our God, to thee we pray,
From Heathen folk, eke gather us alway:
That we, may thanks give to thine Holy Name,
That in thy Praiſe, we may adore the ſame.
48 Bleſt be the God of *Iſ-ra-el* for ay,
Praiſe ye the Lord. Amen let all men ſay.

PSAL. CVII.

1 GIve thanks to God, for he is good alway,
His mercy doth endure, both now, and ay.
2 Th' redeemed of the Lord, let him ſay ſo,
Whom he hath kept from the hand of their great foe.

3 And

3 And gath'red them out of the lands, from th' Eaſt,
From the North, from th' South, yea even from the weſt.
4 They wandered in Solitary way,
No City they did find, where they could ſtay.
5 Hungry, and thirſty, th' were, 'cauſe they did want;
Their Soul within them, alſo it did pant.
6 Their trouble in, to God they all did cry,
He them ſet free from their extremity.
7 And he them led forth, e-ven by th' right way,
That they might go to the place, where they might ſtay.
8 O that men would unto the Lord give praiſe,
His goodneſs for, unto poor Souls alwayes!
9 The longing Soul he ſatisfieth at will;
The hungry Soul, with goodneſs he doth fill.
10 Such as be in the depths of darkneſs found,
Affliction in moſt toilſome being bound.
11 'Cauſe they Rebel'd 'gainſt Gods great Majeſty,
And eke contemn'd the Counſel of th' moſt High.
12 Therefore he brought the hearts down of each one,
They all fell down, to help them there was none.
13 Their trouble in, to God they all did cry,
He ſaved them from all their miſery.
14 From darkneſs he them brought, for his own ſake,
Their bands in ſunder eke, for them he break.
15 O that men would unto the Lord give praiſe,
His goodneſſe for, unto poor Souls alwayes!
16 For he, the great ſtrong Gates of Braſs hath broke,
And cleft the Iron Barrs, ev'n at one ſtroke.
17 Fools for their ſins, do feel much miſery,
Th' afflicted are, for their iniquity.
18 Their Soul, all manner of good meat doth hate,
And they draw neer, e-ven unto Deaths Gate.
19 Their trouble in, to God they all did cry,
He ſaved them from their great miſery.
20 He ſent his Word, and them did heal with joy,
He them ſet free, from thoſe would them deſtroy.
21 O that men would, unto the Lord give praiſe.
His goodneſs for, unto poor Souls alwayes!

22 And

22 And let them ſacrifice with thankfull voyce,
His wondrous workes declare, and ſo rejoyce.
23 Such as in Ships into the Sea deſcend,
Their merchandiſe, through fearfull floods to end.
24 The workes of God, the Lord, theſe men do ſee;
His wonders eke, where deepeſt waters be.
25 For he commands, the ſtormy windes obey,
And lifteth up the waves thereof, I ſay.
26 To th' ſkies they mount, to th'depths they fall again;
Their ſoul is melted, 'cauſe of their great pain.
27 They ſtagger much, they reel both to and fro,
They're almoſt mad, like drunken men they go.
28 Then in their pain, to God they all did cry,
He ſaved them from their great miſery.
29 He makes the ſtorm a calm, ev'n at his will,
So that the waves thereof, which rag'd, are ſtill.
30 They're glad when reſt is come, which they did crave,
And are brought to that place which they would have.
31 O that men would unto the Lord give praiſe,
His goodneſs for, unto poor ſouls alwayes!
32 Let them, the folk 'mongſt, praiſe his holy Name;
Where elders be, let them eke do the ſame.
33 He rivers makes, like deſerts to be found,
And water-ſprings he turns into dry ground.
34 A fruitfull Land, full barren he doth make,
Of wicked men, revenge he doth then take.
35 He deſerts turns to water, that doth ſtand,
And into water-ſprings, he turns dry land.
36 There he makes dwell, thoſe that moſt hungry are,
That for their uſe, a Town they might prepare.
37 And Vineyard plant, and ſow good ſeed in field,
Of their increaſe, which pleaſant fruit may yeeld.
38 He bleſſed them, they multiply'd in peace,
He ſuff'red not their Cattel to decreaſe.
39 Again, they miniſh't are, and brought full low,
Oppreſſion, through affliction, and ſorrow.
40 He puts contempt on Kings, makes them to ſtray
In wilderneſs, where that there is no way.

41 But yet the poor he brings from troubles deep,
And oft augments their train, like flocks of sheep.
42 The man that's just, shall see it, and rejoyce,
And all iniquity shall stop her voyce.
43 Who so is wise, and will these things record,
Such shall perceive the kindness of the Lord.

PSAL. CVIII.

1 O God, my heart is fixt, I'le sing alwayes,
Ev'n with my glory, and thee give due praise.
2 Awake, my harp, sweet melody to make;
And I my self, right early, will awake.
3 O Lord, 'mong people thou shalt praised be,
'Mong Nations great, thou shall be prais'd by me.
4 Thy mercy for, is much 'bove th' heavens high,
Thy truth doth reach beyond the cloudy skie.
5 'Bove Heavens high exalt thy self O God,
On earth display thy Glory all abroad.
6 So that thy might may keep, such as thee fear,
That they may have thy help, this from me hear.
7 I will rejoyce, God spoke in's holy place,
Sichem, and *Succoths*, I'le divide by pace.
8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasses* mine beside;
Ephraim's my head, my law doth *Juda* guide.
9 In *Mo'b* I'le wash, o're *Edom* make shoe flee,
Philistine triumph thou, because of me.
10 Who will me bring into the City strong?
To *Edom* guide, lest that I should go wrong.
11 Wilt not thou, which hast left us, and our coasts,
And woul'dst not take, into thy care, our hosts,
12 Give us thy help, from those that us disdain?
The help that man can give us, is but vain.
13 Through God, our Lord, we shall do valiantly.
'Tis he alone treads down our enemy.

PSAL. CIX.

1 O Lord my God, hold not thy tongue alwayes,
Ev'n thou, that art the God of all my praise.

2 Th

2 Th' mouth of the wicked out, 'gainſt me is broke,
With lying tongue they have againſt me ſpoke.
3 With hatred they me compaſſed about,
And eke againſt me fought, a cauſe without.
4 My love for, they my adverſaries are,
But I do dayly give my ſelf to pray'r.
5 They eke have ill, for good rewarded me,
And for my love, they all moſt hateſull be.
6 A wicked man o're him ſet, eke let ſtand,
The dreadſull Satan, ev'n at his right hand.
7 When he is judg'd, let him condemned be,
And let his pray'r become iniquity.
8 Let's dayes be few, let others take his place,
9 Let's wife a widdow be, 's Sons fatherleſſe.
10 Let's Sons be Vagabonds, and beg their bread,
Wandring from place, to place, for to be fed.
11 Let the Extortioner catch all his ſtore,
Let ſtrangers ſpoile his labour, got before.
12 Let none be there, him mercy to extend,
Let there be none to be his childrens friend.
13 So let his ſeed for ever be deſtroy'd,
And in ſucceeding age their name be void.
14 Let not his fathers ſins, from Gods thought, fall,
Nor's mothers faults be done away at all.
15 But in Gods ſight let them remain for ay,
That God from earth may cut them clean away.
16 'Cauſe he no mercy ſhew'd, but at one ſtroke,
He ſtrove to ſlay thoſe that in heart were broke.
17 He curſing lov'd, 't ſhall be unto him ſo;
He hated good, it ſhall be far him fro.
18 As he with curſing clad, himſelf ſo 't ſhall,
Like water, oil, into his bowells fall.
19 As garment, let it be to him for ay,
As girdle, that he may be girt alway.
20 Let this th' reward be of my foes from God,
Of them, who ſpeak againſt my ſoul abroad.
21 But do for me O God, for thy Name ſake,
Thy mercy's good, thy hand from foes me take.

22 For I am poor and needy, pitty me,
My heart is sore with grief, and miserie.
23 Like th' shadow when it doth decline, I'm gone,
Like th' locust I am tost, now, and anon.
24 My knees through fasting, feeble grow, and weak,
My flesh me faileth of its fatness eke.
25 Reproach to them I was, ev'n for thy sake;
When they look't on me, they their heads did shake.
26 O Lord my God, some help of thee I crave,
According to thy mercy, Lord me save.
27 That this is thine own hand, that they may know,
That thou, O Lord, this self-same thing did'st do.
28 Let them curse, but bless thou, let them have shame,
When they arise, let th' friend joy in thy Name.
29 Let foes be clad with shame, and let them cover
Themselves with shame, with mantle, as all over.
30 My mouth shall thankes give to the Lord alwayes,
Yea, I 'mong multitudes will sound his praise.
31 For he shall be, ev'n at the poors right hand,
To save him from those that his soul withstand.

PSAL. CX.

1 GOD said to my Lord, sit on my right hand,
Till I thy foes, thy foot-stool for make stand.
2 Th' rod of thy strength, God shall from *Sion* send,
Rule thou in midst of foes, unto the end.
3 *In* day on which thy power they shall see,
Free-offerings the folk shall offer thee.
With holy worshipping they'l offer all,
The births dew's th' dew, that from the morning fall.
4 God swore he'l not repent, what he doth say,
Melchizedek like, thou art Priest for ay.
5 The Lord on thy right hand, that is thy stay,
Shall wound for thee, great Kings, on's wrathfull day.
6 Th' heathen he'l judge, fill th' place with bodies dead,
O're divers Town's, in sunder smite the head.
7 He shall drink of the brook, ev'n in the way,
Therefore shall he lift up the head that day.

PSAL.

PSAL. CXI.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, the Lord my heart ſhall praiſe,
Th'uprights aſſembly in, now, and alwayes.
2 Gods works are great, of all them they are ſought,
That pleaſure therein have, or any thought.
3 His work is honourable, and moſt ſure,
His righteouſneſs for ever doth endure.
4 His wondrous works to be thought on, he'th made,
The Lord moſt gratious is, from wrath moſt ſtai'd,
5 To thoſe that do him fear, meat giv'n hath he,
On's Covenant, he e're will mindfull be.
6 The people he hath ſhewn of's works, the power,
The Heathens land, he may give them each hour.
7 Th' works of his hands are verity moſt pure,
All his Commandements they are moſt ſure.
8 They all ſtand faſt, both now, and eke anon,
In truth, and eke uprightneſs, they are done.
9 He hath redemption ſent, 's folk to deliver,
His Vow commanded, bleſt be's Name for ever.
10 Gods fear, the firſt ſtep to, true wiſdom's found;
Who keep his laws, with prudence they abound.

PSAL. CXII.

1 TH' man's bleſt, that feareth God, and walks upright,
In Gods Commandments, that takes much delight.
2 His ſeed on earth they ſhall be much increas't,
Thoſe that in heart upright are, ſhall be bleſt.
3 Riches and Wealth, in's houſe ſhall be alway,
His righteouſneſs 't doth endure for ay.
4 Unto the juſt, from darkneſs cometh light,
He gracious is, of mercy full, and right.
5 A good man ſheweth favour, and doth lend,
All his affaires do unto wiſdom tend.
6 Surely he ſhall not moved be, for ay,
The juſt ſhall be thought on, now, and alway.
7 Of tidings ill, he ſhall not be afraid,
His Heart is fixed, truſting in his aid.

22 For I am poor and needy, pitty me,
My heart is ſore with grief, and miſerie.
23 Like th' ſhadow when it doth decline, I'm gone,
Like th' locuſt I am toſt, now, and anon.
24 My knees through faſting, feeble grow, and weak,
My fleſh me faileth of its fatneſs eke.
25 Reproach to them I was, ev'n for thy ſake;
When they look't on me, they their heads did ſhake.
26 O Lord my God, ſome help of thee I crave,
According to thy mercy, Lord me ſave.
27 That this is thine own hand, that they may know,
That thou, O Lord, this ſelf-ſame thing did'ſt do.
28 Let them curſe, but bleſs thou, let them have ſhame,
When they ariſe, let th' friend joy in thy Name.
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To ſave him from thoſe that his ſoul withſtand.

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Rule thou in midſt of foes, unto the end.
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PSAL.

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5 A good man ſheweth favour, and doth lend,
All his affaires do unto wiſdom tend.
6 Surely he ſhall not moved be, for ay,
The juſt ſhall be thought on, now, and alway.
7 Of tidings ill, he ſhall not be afraid,
His Heart is fixed, truſting in his aid.

8 His heart is faſt, afraid he ſhall not be,
Till his deſire upon his foes he ſee.
9 He'th giv'n to th' poor, his juſtice ſhall for ay
Indure, he ſhall exalted be alwayes.
10 Th' wicked ſhall ſee it, and be griev'd thereat,
Their whole deſire ſhall melt away like fat.

PSAL CXIII.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, ſhew forth his wondrous fame:
All ye his ſervants, praiſe his holy Name.
2 Bleſt be the Name of God the Lord alway,
From this time forth, and ever more I ſay.
3 From th' riſe of th' Sun, to th' going down of th' ſame,
Let praiſed be the Lord's moſt holy Name.
4 The Lord's 'bove al's glory, 'bove th' Heavens high;
5 Who's like to God, who dwells above the Skie?
6 He doth abaſe himſelf, to ſee we know
Things 'bove the Skie, and in the earth below.
7 The poor, out of the duſt, he t' alwayes,
The needy ones from dunghil doth raiſe:
8 That he may ſet him, Princes to walk,
Yea, ev'n with the Princes of folk.
9 Th' barren he maketh children bear, therefore
Praiſe ye the Lord, both now and evermore.

PSAL. CXIV.

1 WHen *Iſ-ra-el* did out of *Egypt* go,
And *Jacobs* houſe from language ſtrange alſo.
2 *Judah* his Sanctuary was, *Iſ-ra-el*
His large Dominions, wherein he did dwell.
3 The Sea ſaw it, and fled before his face,
Jordan was driven back out of his place.
4 The Mountaines high, like unto Rams, did ſkip,
The little Hills, like dancing Lambs, did leap.
5 What ailed'ſt thee, O Sea, that thou thus fled?
And *Jordans* ſtreames, that thou waſt backwards led?
6 Ye Mountaines high, like Rams, why did ye ſkip?
And little Hills, like Lambs, why did ye leap?

7 Tremble

7 Tremble thou earth, at th' preſence of the Lord,
'Fore *Jacobs* God, dread all with one accord.
8 Which turneth Rocks, to ſtanding waters clear;
From flint, makes fountain water to appear.

PSAL. CXV.

1 NOt to us Lord, Thy Name let th' glory take,
Ev'n for thy Truth, and eke thy mercies ſake.
2 Why ſhould the Heathen ſay, where's God their love?
3 He hath done what he pleas'd, our God's above:
4 Their *Idolls*, Gold are, made by men they be;
5 They've mouths, but ſpeak not; eyes, but cannot ſee.
6 They having ears, hear not, we know full well;
They noſes have, yet have no ſenſe to ſmell;
7 They hands, but feel not; feet, but they walke not;
There's none of them that ſpeaketh through his throat.
8 They that them make, are like unto them juſt,
And ſo is ev'ry one that in them Truſt.
9 O *Iſ-ra-el*, truſt in the Lord alway,
He is their help that truſt in him for ay.
10 O houſe of *Aaron*, truſt ye in his Name;
11 For he's their help and ſhield that do the ſame.
12 God hath been mindeful of us, he'l us bleſs;
To *Iſrael*, *Aarons* houſe, he'l do no leſs.
13 Who fears the Lord our God, he'l bleſs them all;
Who ere they be, let them be great or ſmall.
14 The Lord he ſhall increaſe you more, and more,
Both you, and yours, you children ſhall have ſtore.
15 You are the bleſſed of the Lords, ſay *I*,
Which made the earth, and eke the Heavens high.
16 The higheſt Heavens are the Lord's above,
The earth to men he gives, of his free love.
17 The dead praiſe not the Lord, neither do they,
That into ſilence do go down that way.
18 But we will bleſs the Lord our God alway,
Praiſe ye the Lord, from this time forth for ay.

PSAL. CXVI.

1 I Love the Lord, becauſe he hears my voyce,
I am his Suppliant, he is my choice.
2 He hath me heard, therefore on him I'le call,
And whil'ſt I live, make him my all in all.
3 Hells pains, and eke deaths ſorrows ſet me round,
Nought ſorrow but, and trouble there I found.
4 Upon the Lords great Name then did I call,
I pray thee Lord, my ſoul free from this thrall.
5 God gracious is, to mercy bent is he,
6 He ſimple keeps; I low was, he rais'd me.
7 O thou, my ſoul, return unto thy reſt,
God hath much kindneſs unto thee expreſt.
8 For thou deliv'red haſt my ſoul from thrall,
Mine eyes from tears, and eke my feet from fall.
9 In land of living, 'fore the Lord I've walk't,
10 *I* have believ'd, was griev'd, therefore I've talk't.
11 *In* haſte, *I* thus ſaid: All men liars be:
12 What ſhall I render God, for's gifts to me?
13 The wholeſome cup of ſaving health I'le take,
Unto the Lords great Name my pray'r I'le make?
14 Unto the Lord my God, I'le pay my vow,
In preſence of his people, even now.
15 The death of thoſe, in whom God takes delight,
Moſt precious are, in his moſt glorious ſight.
16 Thy Servant Lord, I am, I do confeſs,
Thine Hand-maides Son, thou'ſt loos'd me from diſtreſs.
17 The ſacrifice of prayer, I'le offer thee,
Thy Name, ſhall ſtill, be call'd upon by me.
18 Unto the Lord my God, *I*'le pay my vow,
In preſence of his people, even now.
19 *In* all the Courts and Temples of the Lord,
Let *Sion* praiſe his Name with one accord.

PSAL. CXVII.

1 O All ye Nations, to the Lord give praiſe,
All ye his folk, both now, and eke alwayes.

2 For

2 For he is mercifull, his truth for ay
*I*ndures, praiſe ye the Lord, therefore, *I* ſay.

PSAL. CXVIII.

1 G*I*ve thanks to God, for he is good alway,
His mercy doth indure both now, and ay.
2 Let *Iſrael* ſay, his mercy laſts for ay,
3 And eke the ſame, let *Aarons* houſhold ſay.
4 Thoſe that fear God, even now let them ſay,
That he, his mercy eke indures for ay.
5 *I* call'd on God, in grief, he anſwerd me,
*I*n place moſt large, he alſo ſet me free.
6 The Lord is on my ſide, *I* will not be
Afraid, what man or beaſt can do to me.
7 God takes my part with thoſe that do help me,
My wiſh on them that hate me, *I* ſhall ſee.
8 'Tis better to believe the Lord, moſt juſt,
*I*n Princes great then to confide, or truſt.
9 'Tis better to believe in God, moſt juſt,
*I*n Princes great then to confide, or truſt.
10 All Nations living, compas't me about,
But in the Name of God, *I*'le them blot out.
11 They all beſet me, compaſt me about,
But in the Name of God, I'le blot them out.
12 They came 'bout me like Bees, but in Gods Name,
I quench't their fiery thorns, *I*'le 'ſtroy the ſame.
13 That *I* might fall, thou ſore haſt thruſt at me,
But God he helpt, and eke deliv'red me.
14 The Lord is my defence, my ſtrength, and ſong.
And he alſo, my Saviour, is moſt ſtrong.
15 *I*n th' dwellings of the juſt, there's health and joy,
The Lords right hand triumpheth valiantly.
16 The right hand of the Lord's exalted high,
For his right hand, things worketh valiantly.
17 *I* ſhall not die, but live, and all abroad,
Declare the wondrous workes, ev'n of our God.
18 The Lord my God, haſt chaſtened me ſore,
But unto death he hath not g'ven me o're.

19 Open

19 Open the Gates of Righteouſneſs alwayes,
I'le enter them, the Lord alone to praiſe.
20 Gods Gate, in which the juſt to enter are,
21 I'le give thee praiſe, for thou haſt heard my pray'r.
22 The ſtone, which builders oft-times did refuſe,
Is now become the cheif ſtone, which men uſe.
23 This is the doing of the Lord, moſt high,
It marvellous doth ſeem ev'n in our eye.
24 This is the day, which God the Lord hath made,
We will rejoyce, and eke in it be glad.
25 Save now my God, O Lord beſeech thee *I*,
I thee beſeech, ſend us proſperity.
26 Who comes i'th' Name of God, bleſſed is he,
Out of Gods holy houſe, bleſt you have we.
27 He who hath ſhewn us light, is God the Lord,
On th' Altars hornes binde th' Sacrifice with cord.
28 Thou art my God, I will ſhew forth thy praiſe,
Thou art my God, *I*'le thee exalt alwayes.
29 Give thanks to God, for he is good alway,
His mercy doth indure both now and ay.

PSAL. CXIX.

1 BLeſt are the undefiled in the way,
Who daily walk i'th' Law of God, their ſtay.
2 Bleſt are all they, from's Laws that ne're depart,
But him to ſeek, do wholly bend their heart.
3 They do no wicked thing, nor go aſtray,
But daily walk uprightly in his way.
4 Thou haſt commanded us, O Lord, on high,
Thy Precepts for to keep, not go a-wry.
5 O that my wayes, directed were by thee,
To keep the Statutes thou preſcribeſt me!
6 Then ſhall no ſhame o're cloud me, when *I* ſhall
My ſelf give up, to keep thy Precepts all.
7 *I* will thee praiſe, with uprightneſſe of heart;
When *I*'ve thy Judgements learn'd, *I*'le ne're depart
8 Thy Statutes; all Lawes alſo keep will *I*,
O Lord my God, leave me not utterly.

BETH.

BETH.

9 By what meanes ſhall a young man's life amend?
By ſetting's ſelf, on Gods laws to attend.
10 I have thee ſought with my whole heart alway,
From thy Commandments never let me ſtray.
11 Thy word hath ſtill been hid within my heart,
Nor hath tranſgreſſion caus'd me to depart.
12 O bleſſed Lord, to me thy Law lay bare,
13 My lips, thy judgements all, they do declare.
14 Thy teſtimonies in, I much rejoyce,
Above all treaſures *I* make them my choice.
15 *I* meditate thy law in all my dayes,
And have reſpect will *I* unto thy wayes.
16 *I* will delight my ſelf thy Statutes in,
And not forget thy word; that were a ſin.

GIMEL.

17 Let me thy ſervant, of thy bounties taſte,
That I may live, and not thy word off caſt.
18 Open mine eyes, that ſo I may behold,
The wondrous things, which thy word hath foretold.
19 On earth I am a ſtranger, do not hide
Thy Law from me, that ſtill in truth would 'bide.
20 My ſoul breakes for the longing that it hath
Unto thy judgements, even in thy path.
21 Thou haſt rebuk't the proud, they curſed be,
Which erre from thy Commandements, and from thee.
22 From me remove reproach, contempt, O Lord,
For I ſtill with thy precepts do accord.
23 Princes did ſit, and oft againſt me ſpeak,
Yet will not I, thy Servant, thy Laws break.
24 Thy Teſtimonies in delight I'le have,
And take them for my Counſellors to th'grave.

DALETH.

25 My ſoul doth cleave unto the duſt, O Lord,
Quicken thou me according to thy word.

26 I eke declared have, thy wayes abroad,
Thou haſt me heard, teach me thy way O God.
27 Teach me O Lord, thy Precepts all to know;
And ſo I ſhall thy wondrous works forth ſhew.
28 My ſoul for grief doth melt away, I ſee,
According to thy Word ſtrengthen thou me.
29 O Lord make me, a lying tongue refuſe,
And let me know, how *I* thy Law may uſe.
30 Thy ways of Truth, I alwayes made my choice;
Thy Judgement's in my view, I heard thy voice.
31 I've ſtuck unto thy Statutes, and thy Name;
Therefore O Lord, ſee me not put to ſhame.
32 For I will run the way of thy Commands,
When thou'lt inlarg'd my heart, and eke my hands.

HE.

33 The way of thy Commands, O Lord me teach;
So ſhall I keep them, ever without breach:
34 Me knowledge give, thy laws ſhall ne're depart
From me, *I* will them keep with my whole heart.
35 Make me O Lord thy paths, in walk, upright;
For I in them, will ſet my whole delight.
36 *I*ncline mine heart, thy Lawes with to accord,
And eke from avarice, defend me Lord.
37 Lord, let mine eyes no vanity behold;
But in thy way O Lord, let me be bold.
38 Stabliſh thy Word, unto thy ſervant here,
Who is devoted even to thy fear.
39 Turn back the ſhame, of which I am afraid.
Thy Judgements good are, Lord thou art mine aid:
40 After thy precepts Lord, I much do long,
Thy Righteouſneſs in, therefore make me ſtrong.

VAU.

41 Thy mercies let come to me, eke O Lord,
Let me have health, according to thy Word.
42 So ſhall *I* anſwer him, that is unjuſt,
Who me Reproacht; for in thy Word I truſt.

43 Quite from my mouth, take not of truth, the word;
For *I* have hoped in thy judgements Lord.
44 So ſhall I keep thy law continually;
45 Thy Law *I* ſeek, *I*'le walk at liberty.
46 Thy Teſtimony of, *I*'le ſpeak 'fore Kings,
I'le not aſhamed be of thy wondrous things.
47 In thy Commandments, I'le my ſelf delight,
Which *I* have loved, I will walk upright.
48 Thy Lawes unto my hands, *I*'le liſt on high;
And thy Statutes in practiſe put will *I*.

ZAIN.

49 Remember thou, unto thy ſervant, th' Word,
In which thou haſt caus'd me to truſt, O Lord.
50 This is my comfort, in my miſery;
For thine own Word, hath oft-times quickened me.
51 I greatly ſcorned am, ev'n by the proud;
Yet from thy Law, my ſelf I've never bow'd.
52 Of old, thy judgements *I*'ve thought on, O Lord,
I've comforted my ſelf ſtill in thy Word.
53 Horror hath took hold on me, 'cauſe I ſaw,
The wicked thee forſake, and eke thy Law.
54 Thy Statutes Lord, have been my dayly ſong;
When as in Pilgrimage *I* went along.
55 By night, *I* have remembred thy Name,
I've kept thy Law, Lord let me not have ſhame.
56 This favour I obtain'd, becauſe I did
His precepts keep, and from them never ſlid.

CHETH.

57 Thou art my ſtrength, and portion eke, O Lord,
I oft have ſaid, that I would keep thy Word.
58 *I* did thy grace intreat, with my whole minde,
Like to thy Word, let me thy mercy find.
59 I've tri'd my life, and eke my ſecret heart,
My feet, unto thy Law, I did convert.
60 I made great haſte, in no wiſe would *I* ſtay;
Thy precepts all *I* keep, without delay.

61 The

61 The wicked, for their prey, me 'fore them ſet,
Yet would I not thee, nor thy Law, forget.
62 At mid-night I'le ariſe, and thanks give thee,
Becauſe of thy juſt judgements towards me.
63 I am a friend to thoſe that fear thy Name,
And eke that fear thy precepts without ſhame.
64 The earth is full, thy mercy of, alway;
Teach me thy Statutes, Lord, both now and ay.

TETH.

65 Thou haſt dealt well, thy ſervant with, O Lord,
According to thy promiſe in thy word.
66 Me judgement good, and knowledge eke me teach,
For I have kept thy precepts without breach.
67 Before I puniſht was, I went aſtray,
But now I've kept thy word, and will for ay.
68 Thou art good, doſt good, and art juſt, O Lord,
Teach me thy Statutes, and thy holy Word.
69 The proud 'gainſt me, they forged heavily,
But with whole heart, thy precepts keep will *I*.
70 Their heart's as fat as greaſe, yet are they ſlight;
But in the Law of God, I much delight.
71 'Tis good for me, that I afflicted was,
That *I* thereby, may learn to give thee praiſe.
72 The Law of thee, is far unto me more,
Than if I had of gold and ſilver ſtore.

JOD.

73 Thy hands have made me, and me framed eke,
Me knowledge give, that *I* thy Law may ſeeke.
74 They that thee fear, to ſee me will rejoyce,
'Cauſe *I* have hoped in thy glorious voyce.
75 I know the judgements are moſt right of thee,
And that in faithfulneſs thou'ſt puniſh't me.
76 Thy mercy ſhew, a comfort for, O Lord,
Thy Servant to, according to thy word.
77 Thy mercy ſhew me, both by day and night,
That *I* may live; thy law is my delight.

78 Let th'proud be ſham'd, who wrong me without cauſe,
But *I* will meditate ſtill on thy laws.
79 Let thoſe that fear thee, turn, and eke me own,
And that have eke thy teſtimonies known.
80 My heart, let ſound be, in thine holy Law,
That make me break it, may no ſhame, nor awe.

CAPH.

81 My ſoul doth faint for thy ſalvation great,
But *I* ſtill hope in thee, in my retreat.
82 Mine eyes me fail, for thine own word; and ſay,
When wilt thou comfort me, and be my ſtay?
83 For I am dry'd, like bottle in ſmoke ſet,
Yet do I not thy Statutes, Lord, forget.
84 Teach me what number of my dayes there be,
And vengeance ſhew on them that trouble me.
85 The proud have digged pits, and ſpread their net
For me, becauſe thy laws they do forget.
86 All thy Commandements moſt faithfull be,
They perſecute me falſly, help thou me.
87 On earth they almoſt me conſumed; yet,
Nor thee, neither thy Laws, did *I* forget.
88 After thy loving kindneſs quicken me,
So ſhall *I* keep the word, promis'd by thee.

LAMED.

89 For ever, Lord, to us thou haſt made ſure,
Thy word in heaven ever to indure.
90 Thy truth unto all ages is for ay,
Thou ſtabliſh't haſt the earth, not to decay.
91 As to this day they ſtill continue ſhall,
Ordain'd by thee, for they're thy ſervants all.
92 Unleſs thy Law had been my whole delight,
I ſhould in affliction periſh'd quite.
93 *I'le* ne're forget thy precepts, nor yet thee,
For with them thou haſt oft times quickned me.
94 *I* am thine, ſave me, for thou haſt me bought,
For with whole heart, thy precepts all *I've* ſought.

95 The wicked watch me ſtill, for to deſtroy,
But *I*'le thy Truth conſider, mak't my joy.
96 Of all perfections end, *I*'ve ſeen, O God,
But thy Gommandments are exceeding broad.

MEM

97 How do *I* in thy Law delight alway!
It is my Meditation all the day.
98 Thy Word hath taught me, wiſer for to be,
Then all my foes, for they are ſtill with me.
99 My teachers all, in knowledge *I* excell,
'Cauſe *I* thy Laws keep, them to others tell.
100 More than the aged, *I* do underſtand,
Becauſe *I* keep thy Precept, and Command.
101 My feet *I* have refrain'd from th' evil way,
That *I* thy Word may keep, make it my ſtay.
102 *I*'ve not departed from thy judgements yet,
For thou'rt my teacher, *I*'le not them forget.
103 How ſweet unto my taſt's, thy word alway!
Doubtleſs no hony half ſo ſweet as they.
104 Thy precepts through, *I* underſtanding get,
Therefore, *I* each falſe way from me do ſet.

NUN.

105 Thy Words a Lamp, my feet for to direct,
A light unto my paths, in all reſpect.
106 Lord *I* have ſworn, and it perform *I* will,
Thy Righteous Judgements ever to fulfil.
107 *I* am afflicted much, quicken O Lord,
My fainting ſoul, according to thy Word.
108 O Lord, accept my lips pure offring free,
Thy Righteous Jndgements alſo teach thou me.
109 My ſoul continually is in my hand,
Yet *I* thy Law forget not, nor command.
110 The wicked folk, for me have laid their ſnare,
Yet from thy precepts, *I* did never erre.
111 Thy Law's mine heritage, *I*'le ne'r depart,
Thy Teſtimonies ſtill, rejoyce my heart.

112 I've ſet my heart to keep thy law alway,
In perſeverance that ſhall laſt for ay.

SAMECH.

113 *I* hate vain thoughts, but love thy Law, O Lord,
114 Thou art my hiding place, I truſt thy word.
115 Ye evill doers all from me depart,
For I'le on Gods Commandments ſet mine heart.
116 That *I* may live, thy promiſe me uphold,
Of hope let me no ſhame have, but be bold.
117 Uphold me Lord, and then full ſafe am *I*,
Thy Laws *I*'le love, and that continually.
118 Them that erre from thy ways, thou'ſt trod to ground,
For their deceits are falſhoods, that abound.
119 Thou like earth's ſcum, the wicked turn'ſt away,
Therefore *I* love thy teſtimonies ay.
120 For fear of thee, my fleſh doth tremble much,
I'm ſore afraid, thy judgements they be ſuch.

AIN.

121 Judgement, and juſtice, eke O Lord, I've done,
Let me not be oppreſt by any one.
122 My ſurety thy ſervant, be ev'n for good,
Let not the proud m'oppreſs, nor ſeek my blood.
123 Mine eyes do fail for thy Salvation Lord,
And for thy juſt, and eke thy faithfull word.
124 *In* mercy Lord, do with thy ſervant deal,
Thy Statutes teach me, they are my choice weal.
125 Lord *I* am thine, me underſtanding give,
That I may know thy precepts, by them live.
126 'Tis time for thee to work, bring folk in aw,
For they imperiouſly make void thy Law.
127 Therefore thy Statutes pure, O Lord, I love,
Above choice treaſure, yea choice gold above.
128 So *I*'le eſteem thy precepts all, for ay,
Moſt right they be, and *I*'le hate all falſe way.

PE

129 Thy Laws are wonderfull ev'n in the deep,
Therfore, O Lord, my ſoul them all doth keep.
130 The entrance of thy word, doth make folk live,
Unto the ſimple it doth knowledge give.
131 I opened my mouth, and eke did pant,
Thy Laws, and eke thy precepts of for want.
132 Be mercifull to me, keep me from ſhame,
And eke me uſe, as thoſe that fear thy Name.
133 Set m' in thy word, let no iniquitie
Me rule, or have Dominion over me.
134 Deliver me from thoſe, would me oppreſs,
So will I keep thy Laws in righteouſneſs.
135 Thy face upon thy Servant make to ſhine,
Thy Statutes teach me, that they may be mine.
136 Great ſtreams of water run quite down mine eye,
'Cauſe th' break thy Laws, follow iniquity.

TSADDI.

137 Moſt juſt, and righteous, eke art thou, O Lord,
Upright are all thy judgements, and thy word.
138 The teſtimonies thou'ſt injoyn'd for ay,
They righteous are, and faithfull eke are they.
139 My zeal, it hath conſumed me, O Lord,
Becauſe my foes forgotten have thy word:
140 Thy word it is moſt juſt, and eke moſt pure,
Therefore thy Servant will in it indure.
141 *I* ſmall am, and as ſcorn before men ſet,
Yet do *I* not thy precepts, Lord, forget.
142 Thy righteouſneſs, it is moſt juſt alway,
And eke thy Law, it is the truth for ay.
143 Trouble and grief me hold, they eke me ſpite,
Yet thy Commandements are my delight.
144 The righteouſneſs thy Laws of is for ay,
Me knowledge give, that I may live alway.

KOPH.

KOPH.

145 I cry'd with my whole heart, O Lord me hear;
I will thy Statutes keep, and eke thee fear.
146 O Lord my God, ſave me, to thee I cry,
Thy teſtimonies all, then keep ſhall I.
147 *I* cry'd to thee, before day break, O Lord,
And eke did hope, and truſt i'th glorious word.
148 Mine eyes prevent the watches of the night,
That meditate thy word in, Lord I might.
149 For th' kindneſs ſake, my voyce let come 'fore thee,
According to thy judgement quicken me.
150 That follow after miſchief, nigh they draw,
They far are from thy precepts, and thy Law.
151 Thou'rt neer, O Lord, therefore, on thee Il'e call,
And thy Commandements, they truth are all.
152 Touching thy Laws, I them have known alway,
That thou haſt founded them, even for ay.

RESH.

153 My grief conſider, eke deliver me,
For *I* thy Law forget not, nor yet thee.
154 Plead thou my cauſe, eke ſet me free, O Lord,
Quicken thou me, according to thy word.
155 Salvation's far from thoſe, that wicked be,
For they thy Statutes ſeek not, neither thee.
156 O Lord, my God, thy mercies many be,
According to thy judgements, quicken me.
157 Both foes, and followers, many are mine,
But from thy Laws, yet do *I* not decline.
158 I ſaw the ſinners, and was griev'd O Lord,
Becauſe thy Law, they kept not, nor thy word.
159 Conſider Lord, how *I* thy Precepts love,
According to thy Statutes, eke me move.
160 Thy word, from firſt to laſt, is true and pure,
Thy judgements juſt do all for ay indure.

SCHIN.

161 Princes me perſecute cauſeleſs, O Lord,
But th' heart of me, in awſtands of thy word.
162 Ev'n at thy word, I do rejoyce in mind,
Like one, that wealth doth in abundance find.
163 Of lying tongues, I hate, both great and ſmall,
But *I* do love thy Laws, and Precepts all.
164 Sev'n times a day, O Lord, *I* do thee praiſe,
Becauſe thy judgements, they are juſt alwayes.
165 Great peace have they, which in thy Law delight,
For nothing ſhall offend them, nor them ſpite.
166 O Lord, I've hope't in thy Sal-va-ti-on,
And thy Commandements I all have done.
167 My ſoul hath kept thy Teſtimonies right,
And *I* exceedingly in them delight.
168 I've done all that, which thou haſt ſaid to me,
For all my wayes they daily are 'fore thee.

TAU.

169 My cry, let come unto thine ear, O Lord,
Me knowledge give, according to thy word.
170 My ſupplication eke, let come 'fore thee,
According to thy word, deliver me.
171 My lips ſhall ſpeak, and alſo utter praiſe,
When thou'ſt me taught thy Statutes and thy wayes.
172 My tongue, thy word, and works ſhall eke lay bare,
All thy Commandements moſt righteous are.
173 Thine hand let help me eke, and with me cloſe,
For I thy Laws, and Precepts all have choſe.
174 For thy Salvation I have long'd, O Lord,
I love to act thy Law, and hear thy word.
175 My ſoul let live, and it ſhall give thee praiſe,
And eke thy judgements let me help alwayes.
176 Loſt ſheep, as I have ſtray'd, thy ſervant ſeek,
For *I* thy Laws think on, and Precepts eke.

PSAL. CXX.

1 IN my diſtreſs, unto the Lord *I* cry'd,
My prayer he heard, my ſuit was not deny'd,
2 My ſoul, O Lord, from lying lips deliver,
And keep me from deceitfull tongue for ever.
3 O thou falſe tongue, what ſhall to thee be giv'n?
Or what be done to thee, who thus doſt ſin?
4 Arrows moſt keen, from the Almighty's hand,
Shall thee conſume, as fire at his Command.
5 Wo's me that *I* conſtrained am, to dwell
In *Meſhech*, *Kedars* Tents to me's a Hell.
6 My ſoul hath too long dwelt with them, that hate
A peacefull Life, and Solace in debate.
7 I am for peace, but when *I* ſpeak, they are
For times moſt troubleſome, and eke for war.

PSAL CXXI.

1 UNto the Hills I will lift up mine eyes,
O Lord, from whence my help doth all ariſe.
2 My help from God comes, who did heaven frame,
And eke the earth, bleſt be his holy Name.
3 Thy foot, for to be mov'd, he will not ſee,
He doth not ſlumber, that preſerveth thee.
4 Behold, ev'n he that *Iſ-ra-el* doth keep,
'S not giv'n to ſlumber, neither will he ſleep.
5 The Lord thy keeper is, and eke thy ſhade,
On thy right hand he is, he hath thee made.
6 The Suns bright beams ſhall not by day thee ſmite,
Nor ſhall the Moons white froſt, thee hurt by night.
7 From evils all, the Lord ſhall thee preſerve,
And keep thy ſoul, in ſafety, him to ſerve.
8 In all thy wayes, he ſhall thee keep therefore,
From this time forth, and that for ever-more.

PSAL. CXXII.

1 I Much rejoyc't, when as the people ſaid,
Let's go into the houſe of God, our aid.

2 Our feet within thy gates, moſt firm ſhall ſtand,
O thou *Jeruſalem*, chief of the Land.
3 *Jeruſalem* is builded moſt compact,
No forraign foes miſchief on us can act.
4 The Tribes of God go up unto the ſame,
Into his houſe, to glorifie his Name.
5 For there are ſet the thrones of judgement ſtill,
For *Davids* houſe, Gods word for to fulfill.
6 O Pray ye then for *Jeruſalem's* peace,
Let them that love her, proſper, and not ceaſe.
7 Peace be within, and eke thy walls ſurround,
Proſperity within thy gates abound.
8 For my dear friends, and brethrens ſake, I'le ſay,
Peace be within thy Palaces, for ay.
9 'Cauſe of the houſe of God, the Lord moſt high,
I'le ſeek thy good, and eke felicity.

PSAL. CXXIII.

1 LOrd unto thee, mine eyes lift up will I,
O thou that dwelleſt in the heavens high.
2 As Servants eyes, on Maſters fixed be,
We eye thee Lord, till mercy flow from thee.
3 Have mercy on us Lord, thou God on high,
For with contempt we're fill'd exceedingly.
4 Contempt hath fill'd our ſoul, for we have born,
Reproach from thoſe, that do us proudly ſcorn.

PSAL. CXXIV.

1 IF't had not been the Lord, our ſtrength, and ſtay,
Who on our ſide was, now may *Iſr'el* ſay.
2 *If* God had not our part took 'gainſt our foes,
When lewde and wicked men againſt us roſe:
3 They'd us devoured in their wrathfull ire,
And quick conſum'd us, as a furious fire.
4 Then had the raging floods us over powr'd,
The ſtreams thereof would have our ſouls devour'd.
5 The waters in their pride, without controul,
Have us devour'd, and eke o're-whelm'd our ſoul.

6 Bleſt be the Lord our God, and guide for ay,
Who'th not us giv'n unto their teeth for prey.
7 Our ſoul's eſcap'd as bird from th'fowlers ſnare,
The ſnare is broke, and we eſcaped are.
8 Our help ſtill lies in Gods moſt holy Name,
Who both the heaven, and the earth did frame.

PSAL. CXXV.

1 THey'le as mount *Sion* be, whom God doth guide,
Which can't be mov'd, but ever doth abide.
2 As mountains are *Jeruſalem* about,
So God is with his folk, all end without.
3 For th' wicked's rod, ſhall not on th'righteous be,
Leſt they ſhould turn unto iniquitie.
4 Do good unto the good, in them delight,
And eke to them, that are in heart upright.
5 Th' wicked ſhall be, with thoſe act wickedly,
But *Iſrael* ſhall be lov'd by God on high.

PSAL. CXXVI.

1 WHen God did turn *Sions* captivitie,
Like them that in a dream were, ſo were we.
2 Then did they laugh, and ſing, ev'n ſo that they,
'Mong th' heathen, God hath done great things, did ſay.
3 Hath done great things for us, the Lord our choice,
Whereof we all are glad, and much rejoyce:
4 As ſtreams i'th' ſouth turn our captivity,
5 They that do ſow in tears, ſhall reap in joy.
6 He that goes forth and weeps, bearing good ſeed,
Shall come again with joy, and ſheaves indeed.

PSAL. CXXVII.

1 EXcept God to the houſe do ſet his hand;
For what man doth unto it, 'twill never ſtand.
Except the Lord the City in, keep guard,
In vain it is, that men do watch, and ward.
2 To riſe up early, ſit up late 'tis vain,
He gives his reſt without turmoil, or pain.

3 Children are th'in-heritance of the Lord,
Th' fruit of the womb, is alſo his reward.
4 Strong, ſwift as Arrows, in the Mighty's hand,
So are youths children, at the Lords command.
5 Happy's the man of ſuch that hath great ſtore,
He's not aſhamed, be his foes before.

PSAL. CXXVIII.

1 BLeſt's ev'ry one, that fears the Lord above,
And walks ſtill in his wayes of truth and love.
2 Thou'lt eat th' fruit of thine hand, and happy bee,
In all thy wayes it ſhall be well with thee.
3 Thy wife on thy houſe ſide, as fruitfull Vine,
Children like Plants, thy table round betwine.
4 Behold that thus the man is bleſt, that ſhall
Still fear the Lord, and on his Name ſtill call.
5 The Lord ſhall out *Sion* thus bleſs thee,
And all thy life, his Churches good thou'ſt ſee.
6 Yea, thou ſhalt ſee, thy Childrens Children well,
And alſo peace upon his *Iſ-ra-el.*

PSAL. CXXIX

1 MAny a time afflicted me have they,
Ev'n from my youth, now *Iſrael* may ſay.
2 Oft-times from youth, they have afflicted me,
But ne're prevail'd to work my miſerie.
3 The plowers plowed deep upon my back,
Long furrowes make, to make my bones to crack.
4 But God is righteous, he'th in ſunder cut,
The wicked's cords, which they for me have put.
5 Let them be all conſum'd, and turn'd away,
That *Sion* hate, and would his Saints diſmay.
6 Let them like graſs on houſe top wither ſtill,
Ere it grow up, ſo periſh in its ill.
7 Wherewith the mow'r cannot his hand fill,
Nor he, that bindes his ſheaves, his boſom ſtill:
8 Nor do they with, that paſſing by the way,
The bleſſing of the Lord upon you ſtay.

PSAL.

PSAL. CXXX.

1 OUt of the depths, to thee Lord did *I* cry,
Hoping, that thou my ſuit would'ſt not deny.
2 Lord let the ears of thee, who art my choice,
Attentive be to hear thy Plaintiffs voice.
3 O Lord, if thou ſhould'ſt mark iniquities,
Who could once ſtand before thy pureſt eyes?
4 But much forgiveneſs, Lord, with thee is there,
That all men may thee reverence with feare.
5 My ſoul doth wait for God, the Lord moſt juſt,
And in his word I hope, and alſo truſt.
6 My ſoul doth wait for God, ev'n more *I* ſay,
Then thoſe, that watch for th' breaking of the day.
7 God's mercifull, let *Iſrael* in him truſt,
'Tis he, that ſouls redeems, he is moſt juſt.
8 He ſhall moſt early wake, and eke ariſe,
Iſrael redeem from his iniquities.

PSAL. CXXXI.

1 MY heart, Lord, is not haughty, nor mine eyes,
In things moſt high, *I* do not exerciſe.
2 Surely *I* have my ſelf behav'd moſt milde,
My ſoul is, even as a weaned childe.
3 Let *Iſrael* hope in God, the Lord, therefore,
From this time forth, and eke for ever-more.

PSAL. CXXXII.

1 REmember *David*, Lord, thy ſervant true,
And his afflictions have ſtill in thy view,
2 How he did ſwear unto the Lord above,
An oath to *Jacobs* God, whom he did love.
3 I ſurely will no Tabernacle ſpread,
Nor build an houſe, nor come into my bed,
4 I'le not give ſleep unto my drowſie eye,
Nor ſlumber to mine eye-lids give will *I*.
5 Untill a place, for *Jacobs* God, *I* find,
An habitation anſwering my mind.

6 We heard of it, at *Ephrata*, ev'n there,
We found it in the fields, where woods appear.
7 We'l go into his Tabernacles all,
Before his foot-ſtool, worſhip him, and fall.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, and come into thy reſt,
Thou, and thy Ark of ſtrength, by me poſſeſt.
9 Thy Prieſts with juſtice let be cloath'd about,
And eke thy Saints, for joy let them ſtill ſhout.
10 For th' Servant, *David's* ſake, O Lord, *I* ſay,
Lord turn not thine anointed's face away.
11 God ſwore in truth, he will not turn from it,
He *David* told, his ſeed ſhould on's throne ſit.
12 *If* that thy Sons will keep my Law, therefore,
Thy Sons ſhall ſit i'th' throne for evermore.
13 God *Sion* choſe, therein there is great ſpace,
He hath deſired it, for's dwelling place.
14 This is my reſt for ay, herein *I*'le dwell,
I have deſired it, and like it well.
15 Her victualls *I* will bleſs abundantly,
Her poor with bread, *I* eke will ſatisfy.
16 *I*'le cloath her Prieſts with ſafety round about,
And all her Saints, aloud for joy ſhall ſhout.
17 *I*'le there make *Davids* horn bud out moſt brave,
I lamp ordain'd, for mine annointed have.
18 His foes *I*'le cloath with ſhame, and them pluck down,
But on himſelf much flouriſh ſhall his Crown.

PSAL. CXXXIII.

1 BEhold how good it is, and how't ſeems well,
For brethren all, in unity to dwell.
2 Like precious balm, poured on *Aarons* head,
That drencht his beard, and round his garment ſpread.
3 As dew on *Hermon* hills, and *Sion* fell,
So God commands his bleſſing there to dwell.

PSAL. CXXXIV.

1 BEhold, and bleſſe the Lord, all ye that ſtand
By night, i'th' houſe of God, at his command.
2 Liſt up your hands, unto Gods place above,
And bleſs the Lord for's benefits, and love.

3 The

3 The Lord, that heaven made, and earth did frame,
Thee bleſſe from *Sion*, praiſe ye's holy Name.

PSAL. CXXXV.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, praiſe ye his holy Name;
Ye ſervants of the Lord, do ye the ſame.
2 Ye that do ſtand in the houſe of the Lord,
And in his courts, his praiſes loud record.
3 Praiſe ye the Lord, he's good, ye praiſes ſing,
T' ſing praiſes to his name, 's a comely thing.
4 For God himſelf to him hath *Jacob* choſe,
He *Iſrael* for's peculiar treaſure knows.
5 For *I* do know that God, the Lord is great,
Above all other Gods hath plac'd his ſeat.
6 He doth what e're he pleaſe in heav'n, hils ſteep,
Within the Sea, and in all places deep.
7 He Vapours daily cauſeth to aſcend,
From one part of the earth unto the end.
He maketh lightning for the rain in meaſure,
He brings the wind forth of his hidden treaſure.
8 Who *Egypt* firſt-born ſmote ev'n in one night,
Both man, and beaſt, to make them more afright.
9 Who tokens ſent, and wonders midſt of thee,
On *Pharaobs* ſervants, whilſt the Saints went free.
10 Who did great Nations ſlay, and them annoy'd,
Ye mighty Kings he took, and them deſtroy'd.
11 *Sihon* of *Amorites*, *Og* of *Baſhan*,
Thoſe Kings, and all the Kingdomes of *Cana'n*.
12 He gave their Land, as heritage to dwell,
Unto his choſen people *Iſ-ra-el*.
13 Thy Name O Lord for ever is moſt ſure,
Thy memory all ages through, endure.
14 For God will judge his people i'th' event,
And likewiſe for their wrongs he will repent.
15 Idols of heathen, workes of men they are,
Silver and Gold, cannot with God compare.
16 For mouths they have, yet ſpeechleſs ſtill they be,
Th'eyes alſo have, yet have they none to ſee.

17 They

17 They eke have ears, yet hear they not a ſound,
And in their mouths no breath there can be found.
18 They that them make, are like unto them juſt,
And ſo is ev'ry one, that in them truſt.
19 bleſſe ye the Lord therefore, O *Iſ-ra-el.*
And alſo ye in *Aarons* houſe that dwell.
20 And *Levi's* houſe, praiſe ye his holy Name,
All you that fear the Lord, do ye the ſame.
21 Bleſſe ye the Lord, who doth in *Sion* dwell,
And in *Jeruſalem*, his praiſe forth-tell,

PSAL. CXXXVI.

1 GIve thanks unto the Lord, for he's moſt pure,
His mercy eke, it doth for ay indure.
2 Give thanks unto the God of Gods, alway,
For's mercy doth indure, both now and ay.
3 Give thanks unto the Lord of Lords, for he,
And eke his mercy ſhall for ever be.
4 To him, that wonders doth ev'n in mens view,
For he his mercy ſhall for ever ſhew.
5 To him that did by wiſdom heaven frame,
For's mercy dures for ay, bleſt be his Name.
6 To him that ſtretch't out earth the ſeas above,
For's mercy dures for ay, bleſt be his love.
7 To him that lights did make moſt great, and pure,
For's mercy doth both now and ay indure.
8 The Sun he made, to rule the day moſt clear,
For's mercy doth both now and ay appear.
9 The Moon and Stars by night, do bear their ſway,
For's mercy doth indure both now and ay.
10 To him, that *Egypt* ſmote in their firſt-born,
For's mercy dures at ev'ning and at morn.
11 Who *Iſrael*, them from among, did bring,
For th' mercy dures for ay, of God our King.
12 With hand moſt ſtrong, and arm ſtretch't out moſt pure,
For's mercy doth for ever-more indure.
13 To him in parts, which did th'red ſea divide,
For's mercy doth both now and ay abide.

14 For's *Iſ-ra-el*, through th' midſt of't, he made way,
For's mercy doth indure both now, and ay.
51 But he therein, *Pharaoh* and's hoſts o'rethrew,
For he to his, ſhall mercy ever ſhew.
16 To him, which th' deſert through did with his walk,
For's mercy dures for ay unto his folk.
17 To him, which ſmote great Kings without delay,
For's mercy doth indure both now and ay.
18 Who Kings ſlew, and none of them would d'liver,
His mercy for it doth indure for ever.
19 As *Sihon*, who of *Amorites* was King,
For's mercy it through Kingdomes e're doth ring.
20 And *Og* of *Baſhan* King he eke did ſlay,
For's mercy doth indure both now, and ay,
21 Their Land an heritage for eke he gave,
For's mercy dures for ay, his folk to ſave.
22 Even unto his Servant *Iſ-ra-el*,
For's mercy doth with his for ever dwell.
23 Who in our low eſtate did us deliver,
For he and eke his mercy dures for ever.
24 And hath redeemed us ev'n from our foe,
For's mercy dures for ay to us below.
25 Who in due time doth food to all fleſh give,
For's mercy dures for ay, his folk ſhall live.
26 O give great thanks to God above alway,
For's mercy doth indure both now, and ay.

PSAL. CXXXVII.

1 WE all ſat down by th' floods of *Babylon*,
And wept, when that on *Sion* we thought on.
2 *In* midſt thereof, upon the Willow tree,
Our harps, and other inſtruments hang'd we.
3 For they us taunt, that waſted us full ſore,
And they to whom we pris'ners were before.
4 O how ſhall we our Gods high praiſes ſing,
In forraign Nations under a ſtrange King?
5 *Jeruſalem*, if *I* neglect thee yet,
Let my right hand its cunning quite forget.

6 Let

6 Let tongue to mouth cleave, thee forget if *I*,
If I prefer not thee 'bove my chief joy.
7 Remember Lord ev'n *Edoms* cruelty,
'Gainſt thy *Jeruſalem*, in's miſery.
Raiſe it, cry'd they, lay't level with the ground,
No ſtone upon a ſtone, let hence be found.
8 But thou, O *Babylon*, deſtroy'd ſhall be,
He happy is, that ſo rewardeth thee.
9 Happy is he, that takes thy little ones,
And daſheth them in ſtreets againſt the ſtones.

PSAL. CXXXVIII

1 WIth my whole heart, O Lord, *I* will thee praiſe,
To thee 'fore Gods *I* will give thanks always.
2 *I*'le worſhip, t'wards the temple, praiſe thy Name,
Thy kindneſs, truth for, th' word's above the ſame.
3 Th' day when *I* cry'd, O Lord, thou anſwered'ſt me,
My weak'ned ſoul, ſtrength'ned was by thee.
4 All Kings on earth thee praiſe with one accord,
When they ſhall hear the words ev'n of the Lord.
5 Yea, they ſhall ſpeak, and of thy praiſes ſing,
For great's the glory of the Lord our King.
6 Though God be high, yet th' poor he doth reſpect,
The proud he knows a far, doth them reject.
7 Though *I* in grief walk, thou wilt me revive, (ſtrive.
Thou'lt ſtretch thine arm 'gainſt thoſe, that with me
8 What me concerns, the Lord will perfect ſtill;
His mercy's ay, forſake me he ne're will.

PSAL. CXXXIX.

1 O Lord thou haſt me ſearch't, my heart, and wayes,
Thou ſee'ſt my ſecret motions, all my dayes.
2 Thou know'ſt my ſitting, riſing up alſo,
Thou underſtands my thoughts, though far thee fro.
3 My lying down, and path's compaſt by thee,
Acquainted with, thou all my wayes doſt ſee.
4 For in my tongue, lo there is not a word,
But's altogether known to thee O Lord.

5 Thou'ſt

5 Thou'ſt me beſet behinde, before alſo;
By thy right hand, thou teacheſt me to go.
6 Such knowledge is too wonderful, and high;
Beyond my reach, I cannot it diſcry.
7 Ev'n from thy Spirit, whether go ſhall *I*?
Or whether ſhall *I*, from thy preſence flie?
8 If *I* aſcend to Heaven, thou art there,
Or bed in Hell make, thou art every where.
9 Or if I take the wings of morning day,
And dwell i'th' utmoſt parts ev'n of the *Sea*,
10 Ev'n there alſo, thine hand ſhall lead me out,
And thy right hand ſhall compaſſe me about.
11 Or if *I* ſay, darkneſſe ſhall cover me;
I'th' darkeſt night thy glorious eyes can ſee.
12 Darkneſſe, and night, hideth not from thy face,
Yea, dark is light to thee in every place.
13 For all my reins poſſeſſed are by thee,
In Mothers womb thou ſtill did'ſt cover me.
14 I'le praiſe thee, for I'm wonderfully made,
Thy works are great, my Soul know's thee its aid.
15 My limbs, though ſecret made, not hid from thee,
But in earths loweſt parts wrought curiouſlie.
16 Thine eyes did ſee me in unperfect frame,
Thou writes my ſev'ral parts, perfects the ſame.
17 How precious are thy thoughts to me O Lord?
How great's the Sum of them for to record.
18 If reckon them I ſhould, they paſſe the ſand;
When *I* awake, I'm ſtill at thy commmand.
19 As for the wicked, them thou'lt ſurely ſlay;
Depart from me, ye bloody ones, I ſay.
20 For they'r ſtill ſpeaking wickedly 'gainſt thee,
Thy foes thy Name in vain oft take, I ſee.
21 Hate *I* not them O Lord, that hate thee ſtill?
Hate *I* not thoſe, 'gainſt thee that ſet their will?
22 Yea, them with perfect hatred hate do *I*,
I count them as my utter enemie.
23 Search me O *Lord*, and alſo try my heart;
And know my thoughts, I'le ne'r from thee depart.

24 And

24 And ſee in me if there be wicked way,
And lead me in thy truth, O Lord, for ay.

PSAL. CXL.

1 ME keep, O Lord, from th' evil mans intent,
Preſerve me from the man, that's violent.
2 Which miſchiefs in their hearts think on, and are,
Daily together gathered for war.
3 Their tongues, like Serpents, ſharpened they have,
Under their tongues doth Adders poiſon cleave.
4 Keep me, O Lord, from th' wickeds hands alſo,
And eke from him, who would my ſteps o're-throw.
5 The proud a ſnare, and cords for me did hide,
For me they ſpread a net by th' high-way ſide:
6 I ſaid unto the Lord, thou'rt God my choice,
Therefore, O Lord, hear thou thy Servants voice:
7 O God, and eke of my Salvation aid,
In day of war thou'ſt made me not afraid.
8 Th' wicked's device, Lord, further not, nor grant,
Leſt they themſelves exalt, force us to want.
9 As for their heads, that compaſs me all over,
Let th' miſchief of their lips, and tongues them cover.
10 Let them in fire be caſt, and there remain,
And from deep pits never to riſe again.
11 Let no ill ſpeaker long live here below,
Ill hurt ſhall th' violent man, and him o're-throw.
12 I know God will th' afflicted's cauſe maintain,
And th' right of th' poor ſhall e're with them remain.
13 Surely th' upright ſhall thanks give to thy Name,
Th' juſt ſhall live in thy ſight, and do the ſame.

PSAL. CXLI.

1 TO thee I call, make haſt O Lord on high,
Hear thou my voice, when unto thee I cry.
2 As incenſe let my pray'r aſcend to thee,
My hands up lift, as ſacrifices be.
3 Set thou a watch O Lord my mouth before,
And of my lips be keeper of the dore.

4 To any evil thing put not mine heart;
In th'practiſe of lewde works give me no part.
5 'Mongſt thoſe that ſin work, Lord, do not me ſeat,
Neither let me once of their dainties eat.
6 'Tis good for me, if good men do me ſmite,
And me reprove, like oil 't ſhall me delight.
7 When th'judges are in ſtony place o're-thrown, (none.
They'ſt hear my words, they'r ſweet, like them there's
8 Our bones are ſcattered at th' mouth of th' grave,
As when on earth, one wood doth cut and cleave.
9 But *I*, Lord, liſt mine eyes to thee moſt juſt,
Do not forſake my ſoul, in thee's my truſt.
10 Me keep from th' ſnare, which they have laid for me,
And th'gins of thoſe, that work iniquitie.
11 Let th' wicked men, into their own nets fall,
Ev'n whileſt that *I* eſcape their dangers all.

PSAL. CXLII.

1 I Cry'd unto the Lord, ev'n with my voice,
And made my prayer unto my God, and choice.
2 To him my deep complaint, *I* poured out,
Shew'd him the grief, which compaſt me about.
3 When ſpirit was o're-whelm'd, my path thou knew,
For me a ſnare they laid, cloſe from my view.
4 *I* look't about, ſaw none, that would me know,
None car'd for me, my refuge fail'd alſo.
5 *I* cry'd to thee, thou'rt my defence *I* ſaid,
I'th' livings Land, my portion and mine aid.
6 *I*'m brought full low, attend unto my cry,
Me keep from foes, that ſtronger are then *I*.
7 My ſoul from priſon bring, thy Name to praiſe,
Saints me ſhall compaſſe, when thou doſt me raiſe.

PSAL. CXLIII.

1 Lord hear my prayer, to thee my ſuit attend,
As thou art gracious, anſwer to me ſend.
2 Judge not thy ſervant, Lord, be thou his guide,
For in thy ſight none ſhall be juſtifi'd.

3 For foes purſu'd my life, ſmite me to ground,
I've dwelt in darkneſs, like men dead I'm found.
4 My ſpirit's over-whelm'd, and eke my heart,
Within me's deſolate, there's no whole part.
5 I'm mindfull of times paſt, and meditate
Thy works, on which with hands thou didſt create.
6 To thee, O Lord, ſtretch forth mine hand did I,
My ſoul thirſts after thee, in Land moſt dry.
7 Me hear, my heart fails, hide not th' face from me,
Leſt like to thoſe, that go to pit *I* be.
8 Cauſe me to hear thy love, *I* truſt in thee,
Lift up my ſoul, to walk aright, teach me.
9 Me keep, O Lord, from all mine enemies,
And eke me hide from thoſe 'gainſt me ariſe.
10 Thou art my God, thou'rt good, teach me thy will,
Th' Land ofuprightneſs, lead me into ſtill.
11 Raiſe me for thy Names ſake, O Lord, my King,
For th' juſtice ſake, my ſoul from trouble bring.
12 All them that me afflict, O Lord, deſtroy,
For *I*'m thy ſervant, thou'rt my onely joy.

PSAL. CXLIV.

1 BLeſt be the Lord, my ſtrength, who by his might,
My hands doth teach to war, fingers to fight.
2 My goodne s, ſtrength, deliverer, and ſhield,
*I*n whom I truſt, he makes my people yeeld.
3 Lord, what is man, that thou doſt knowledge take
Of him, and his, and wilt not them forſake?
4 Man is moſt like to vanity, and's day
Is like a ſhaddow, that doth paſſe away.
5 The heavens bow, O Lord, deſcend the ſame,
The Mountains touch, and they ſhall ſmoke like flame.
6 Light'ning caſt forth, and ſcatter them abroad,
Shoot out thy darts, and them deſtroy, O God.
7 Send down thine hand, O Lord, deliver me,
From waters great, from ſtrangers ſet me free.
8 Whoſe ſubtill mouth of vanity doth ſpeak,
And whoſe right hand doth into falſhood break.

9 *I'le*

9 *I*'le ſing a ſong moſt new, to God on high,
With ten ſtring inſtruments thee praiſe will *I*.
10 'Tis he Salvation that to Kings doth give,
Who *David* keeps from ſword, makes him to live.
11 Rid me from children ſtrange *I* thee intreat,
Whoſe mouth is vanity, whoſe hand deceit.
12 That our ſons may as plants grow up, not fade;
And Daughters eke, as palaces be made.
13 Our garners that with ſtore, they may be found,
And that our ſheep in ſtreets may much abound.
14 That Oxen for our labour may be ſtrong,
Beſieg'd by none, none in our ſtreets do wrong.
15 *In* ſuch a caſe who're found, bleſt are all they,
Yea happy're thoſe, whoſe Gods the Lord, their ſtay.

PSAL. CXLV.

1 FOr ever-more, O Lord, I'le bleſſe thy Name,
O God, my King, *I* will extoll the ſame.
2 Yea, ev'ry day, *I* will advance thy praiſe,
I thee will bleſſe both now, and eke alwayes.
3 Great is the Lord, to be advanced high,
Unſearchable his goodneſs, 'bove the ſkie.
4 From age to age, all praiſe thy mighty deeds,
And tell what wondrous acts from thee proceeds,
5 Of th' glorious honour of thy Majeſty,
I'le ſpeak, and of thy wondrous works moſt high.
6 Th' might of thy dreadfull acts men ſhall lay bare,
And I my ſelf thy greatneſs will declare.
7 They'l utter much goodneſs of thee their King,
They of thy righteouſneſs aloud ſhall ſing.
8 God gracious is, he hath compaſſion ſtore,
To anger ſlow, he'th mercy ever-more,
9 He's good to all, his mercy tender is,
O're all his works, for all the earth is his.
10 O Lord thy works for ever ſhall thee praiſe,
Saints ſhall not ceaſe thy Name to bleſs alwayes.
11 Of th' glorious Kingdom, they ſhall talk each hour,
And ſpeak of thy great goodneſs, and thy pow'r.

12 To

12 To make the folk, thy mighty acts to know,
Thy glorious Kingdoms Majeſty to ſhow.
13 Thy Kingdom is for everlaſting ſure,
And thy Dominion through all ages dure.
14 The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and he
Raiſeth up thoſe that bow'd together be.
15 The eyes of all wait upon thee, to give
Them meat in ſeaſon, that their ſouls may live.
16 Thou openeſt thy bounteous hand, and gives
To ſatisfie th' deſires of all that lives.
17 In all his wayes the Lord is righteous ſtill,
He holy is in all his works, and will.
18 The Lord is nigh to them, that on him call,
In truth, he them doth hear, and ever ſhall.
19 Th' deſire of thoſe that fear him he'l fulfill,
He'l hear their cry, and ſave them all he will.
20 The Lord preſerves who loves him, they'r his joy,
But all the wicked he will quite deſtroy.
21 My mouth ſhall ſpeak the praiſes of the Lord,
All fleſh ſhall bleſſe his Name with one accord.

PSAL. CXLVI.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, my ſoul ſhall give him praiſe,
2 Whilſt that *I* live, *I*'le him exalt alwayes.
3 *In* Princes put no truſt, neither confide,
In Sons of men, who cannot help, nor guide.
4 Their breath doth fall to earth full ſoon away,
And then the councells of their hearts decay.
5 He's bleſt, that *Jacobs* God hath for his ſtay,
Whoſe hope is in the Lord his God for ay.
6 Which heav'n, earth, ſea, and therein all the ſtore,
Did make, which keepeth truth, for evermore.
7 Which frees th'oppreſt, to th'hungry which doth give,
Due food, which looſeth pris'ners, lets them live.
8 God op'neth th' eyes of th' blind, and them doth raiſe,
That are bow'd down, th' upright he loves always.
9 God th' widdow, ſtranger, fatherleſſe keeps ay,
But upſide down he turns the wickeds way.

10 *Sion*, the Lord thy God, ſhall raign e're more,
All ages to, praiſe ye the Lord therefore.

PSAL. CXLVII.

1 PRaiſe God, for it is good, and to him ſing,
For ſo to do, it is a comely thing.
2 God builds *Jeruſalem*, for there he'l dwell,
Gathers in one th' diſperſt of *Iſrael*.
3 Th' broken in heart he heals, much eaſe they finde,
And eke their wounds he carefully doth binde.
4 He tells the Stars, and calls them by their Name,
5 God's great, his power and knowledge is the ſame.
6 The meek God lifteth up, ſets them on high,
But throws to ground thoſe, that act wickedly.
7 Thanks give with praiſe unto the Lord, our King,
And to our God on harp, eke praiſes ſing.
8 Who cov'reth th' ſkie with clouds, who rain makes flow
On earth, who maketh graſs on hills to grow.
9 He food unto the beaſts of th' field doth give,
To th'ravens young, which cry, that they may live.
10 I'th' ſtrength of horſe, rejoyce he never can,
Nor takes he pleaſure in the legs of man.
11 Of thoſe that fear him, God doth love the ſight,
In thoſe that in him hope, he takes delight,
12 O thou *Jeruſalem*, give God due praiſe,
And eke thou *Sion*, bleſſe his name alwayes.
13 He'th made ſtrong bars, and th' gates together preſt,
Thy children eke within thee he hath bleſt.
14 He peace makes, be i'th' borders which are thine,
And eke thee feeds with wheat, which is moſt fine.
15 He his commands doth ſend the earth about,
His word doth ſwiftly run the world throughout.
16 He giveth ſnow like wool, which fall full faſt,
He ſcattereth hoar froſt, as aſhes caſt.
17 He caſts forth ice, like morſells at that tide,
The vehement cold thereof, who can abide? (blow,
18 He ſends his word, them melts, makes th' wind to
He cauſeth ice to thaw, waters to flow.

19 To *Jacob* he his word of truth did ſhow,
He's law, and judgment *Iſr'el* gave to know.
20 With other Nations thus dealt hath not he,
They knew no laws of his, the Lord praiſe ye.

PSAL. CXLVIII.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, him praiſe from heavens high,
Yea, praiſe him ſtill above the ſtarry ſkie.
2 Praiſe ye his Name ye glorious Angells ſtill,
Praiſe him ye noble hoſts, that do his will.
3 Ye glorious creatures, Sun and Moon him praiſe,
The ſame perform ye brighteſt Stars alwayes.
4 Yea, praiſe him in the higheſt heavens ſtill,
Ye waters 'bove the heavens this fulfill.
5 Yea, let them praiſe the Lords moſt mighty Name,
At his command he did create the ſame.
5 He likewiſe hath eſtabliſht them for ay,
Set a Decree, which not o're-paſs they may.
7 Praiſe ye the Lord, likewiſe from earth below,
Dragons, all deeps, praiſe ye his Name alſo.
8 Yea fire, and hail, ſnow, vapour, praiſe the Lord,
With ſtormy windes, that execute his word.
9 Yea mountains great, and hills that be ſo high,
Trees fruitfull, Cedars eke him magnifie.
10 Yea beaſts and cattel, that in forreſts dwell,
Things creeping, flying fowl his praiſes tell,
11 Kings of the earth, great Princes, People all,
Praiſe ye the Lord, ye judges, great and ſmall.
12 Ye young men ſtrong, and maidens praiſe his Name,
Fathers alſo, and children do the ſame.
13 Let theſe praiſe God, for's Name alone's moſt great,
His glory's 'bove the earth, 'bove heavens ſeat.
14 The Lord his peoples ſtrength exalteth ſtill,
That's Saints ſhould all be prais'd, it is his will.
This to his Servant *Iſrael* doth he,
A people near to him, the Lord praiſe ye.

PSAL. CXLIX.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, new ſongs unto him ſing,
Amongſt his Saints let all his praiſes ring.
2 In him, that made him *Iſrael* let rejoyce,
Let *Sions* Sons be joyfull in their choice.
3 Let them his Name exalt, and praiſe in dance,
On Timbrel, and on Harp his praiſe advance.
4 For God takes pleaſure in his peoples peace,
He'l ſave them eke, to beautifie not ceaſe.
5 Let th' Saints in glory joyfull be, and ſing
A loud upon their bed, of God their King.
6 Let th' mouths be fill'd with praiſes of the Lord,
And in their hands be a two-edged ſword.
7 Vengeance to execute th' heathen among,
And puniſhments upon the people ſtrong.
8 Their Kings in priſon there to bind with chain,
Their Lords in iron fetters to remain.
9 To execute on them Gods written word,
This honour have his Saints, praiſe ye the Lord.

PSAL. CL.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, him praiſe in's holy ſeat,
Praiſe him i'th' firmament of's power great.
2 For's mighty acts and deeds love him alwayes,
According to his greatneſſe give him praiſe.
3 With trumpet, praiſe the Lord, who is moſt high,
Yea, praiſe his Name on Harp, and Pſaltery.
4 With Timbrel praiſe his Name, 't exalt in dance,
With *Inſtruments*, and Organs, him advance.
5 Yea, on loud Cimballs ſtill advance his praiſe,
On ſounding Cimballs give him thanks alwayes.
6 Let all things living praiſe the Lord I ſay,
Praiſe ye the Lord, ſoul, praiſe thy God for ay.

FINIS.

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